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The Week

THE letter of Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes on the Newberry case is a disgraceful performance. The lending of his name and reputation to whitewash so vicious a transaction as the seating of this senator can only be described by the over-used word, prostitution. Mr. Hughes makes the excuse for writing his letter the existence of a "general misconception" concerning the decision of the Supreme Court in regard to Newberry; his letter will substitute another and a more harmful misconception because it disingenuously conveys the impression that the Court gave Newberry a clean bill of health. It did no such thing. The Court through its majority held unconstitutional the act under which Newberry was prosecuted. The minority held that the trial judge erred in his charge to the jury. In other words, the decision of the Court was purely negative. It said that Newberry could not be sent to jail on that prosecution: not that he was fit to be a senator. Mr. Hughes confines himself to misleading legalistic argument in a matter which has long since transcended such limits. To revert to the main question we ask Mr. Hughes two questions:

1. Do you approve the methods by which Newberry became Senator?
2. Do you disapprove the condemnation of those methods in the resolution of the Senate?

PRESIDENT HARDING needs a general staff of industrial strategy, to block out plans of action for whatever contingencies may occur. Apparently at present neither the President nor anyone else is at all clear as to what the administration policy will be in case the railway and anthracite strikes drag on. The administration seeks authority to seize the mines and railways in case of pressing emergency, but there is no obvious guaranty that the administration will recognize an emergency when it sees it. Still less is there a guaranty that the administration will proceed according to a well thought out plan in case it is forced to a seizure of the mines and roads. Most likely, we should have industrial anarchy under public auspices replacing private industrial anarchy. Ours is a rich nation and can stand a policy of fussy muddling, for a time. But the income returns of next year will exhibit the costs of such a policy.

WHAT hope is there for real light on the coal problem from the commission contemplated in the bill pending before Congress? The commission's activities are limited to one year, its expenses to $300,000. An extremely able group of commissioners might be able, even under these limitations, to produce a report of considerable value. But nothing would be simpler than for such a commission to fritter away the year in futile accumulation of irrelevant details, to be embodied in a report that nobody will read. The job to be done is really too big for the means Congress proposes to provide. The country has not yet suffered

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enough from coal disorders to hold Congress strictly to its obligation to proceed in earnest to a consideration of the problem.

A MILD wave of hysteria is sweeping the country, nursed carefully by Attorney General Daugherty and William J. Burns. A squad of federal sleuths trailed a group of members of the Communist Party to the woods of Michigan, and watched them while they read presumably subversive resolutions by the flaring light of pine torches. The sleuths were at first obliged to limit themselves to watching, for without orders from Washington they could not interfere. Their caution was justified, for whatever the Communists were doing they were breaking no federal law—as Mr. Daugherty himself admitted by turning the prisoners, when he had decided to arrest them, over to the state authorities. The allegation that William Z. Foster was present at this melodramatic gathering is designed to give it importance and to injure Foster. While Foster had as much right as anyone to be present, we can think of few places where he was less likely to be found.

A MORE dastardly attempt to "frame" Foster occurred the day previous. State's Attorney Crowe, of Cook County, Illinois, raided the office of the Trade Union Educational League of which Foster is president, advertising as his reason for doing so a connection between Foster and the railroad accident at Gary, Indiana, in which two men lost their lives. Of course, there was no reason remotely to suspect such connection. Readers who are interested in the psychology of the frame-up will find here a classic instance. In a dispatch from Chicago, in the New York Evening Post, the accounts of Foster's movements and of the rail disaster are cleverly woven together, thus: "Foster was said to be in Joliet, Ill., where it was reported he spent several days after he was ordered out [of Colorado] by State authorities. Railroad officials said that the Michigan Central express train had been deliberately ditched by plotters." The Times headline the next day "William Z. Foster Exonerated" does not help matters. What would be the effect of announcing that Mr. Adolph Ochs was suspected by some imbecile state's attorney of the murder of Elwell, that his place had been raided, and that he was "exonerated?"

THE reason why the dark forces hate and fear William Z. Foster is that he is one of the few statesmen among labor leaders. He is in favor of supplanting craft organization with its uneconomical sub-divison of labor, its expensive leadership and constant temptation to graft, by organization in larger industrial units. He threatens on the one hand the placemen of labor, whether corrupt or not, who find in Gompers the head of their calling; and on the other hand, through the increased strength and cleanness of labor, he threatens its enemies among the employing class, especially such as find it convenient and profitable to do business with labor leaders on the side. It is not to be wondered at that Foster should find the path of the reformer difficult within labor itself, where all the vested interests are united to ruin him; but that public opinion should so easily be marshalled against him shows how far the public is from comprehending its true interest in the labor movement. During the war Gompers united with the patriotic and profiteering classes, outdoing them in denunciation of Germany and Russia, and rivalling them in piling up profits for labor out of the general loot of the country. The A. F. of L. today is just where we should expect to find it under such leadership. In despair, people are inquiring what possible hope there is for the future. There is only one—in the education of labor to greater knowledge of its functions, greater responsibility for their fulfillment, and greater control of the processes involved. To this end William Z. Foster and the Trade Union Educational League are making a valuable contribution.

HENRY FORD'S theory of the railway and coal strikes appears to be that Wall Street bankers are hiring the labor leaders to stand out against a settlement. At first sight such a theory seems to argue an original and inventive mind, if no great respect for the probabilities. But a candid historian of Henry Ford's mental processes will have to disavow the merit of originality. The famous Jewish protocols, so voraciously swallowed by Henry Ford, presented a close analogy in their theory of the responsibility of the international bankers for Bolshevism. Henry Ford's new theory is simply wrack of the protocols, regurgitated from the abyss of his credulity.

POINCARÉ'S demand that the German government forests in the Rhine Province and mines in the Ruhr be turned over to the French as an additional guarantee, in case a moratorium is granted, injects a new danger into the uncertainties beclouding European peace. Such a disposal of national resources would still further weaken the Wirth government and multiply the chances of Germany's lapsing into anarchy. But that is not the worst aspect of the matter. If the French are to hold these properties, they will have to operate them

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and protect them. At all times, then, France will have her pretext for sending troops into the Ruhr to suppress threatened industrial disorders. The colonization of Germany will thus have entered upon its final stage.

THE British government is quite alive to the implications of French policy, and is employing whatever moral pressure it commands to secure a more reasonable settlement of the moratorium question. But moral pressure no longer exerts a perceptible influence on Poincaré. He thinks in terms of force alone, and it is just as incredible to him that the British may eventually resort to force as it was to Germany in 1916 that America might take up arms. For four years the French have played havoc with British interests, and the Entente is still formally intact. Poincaré believes that the British do not dare to dispense with a powerful military ally on the Continent. Probably the only means the British can find for disillusioning him is to end the Entente and formulate an independent European policy. Such a step would no doubt be followed immediately by increased aggressiveness on the part of France. But ultimately the French would recognize that insanity in diplomacy comes high.

AMERICAN corn rations, says a despatch from Moscow, are to be cut off on September first, except in the Ukraine and the Crimea. American relief by child feeding is also to be reduced. In the same column with this statement the newspapers carry a report, second hand from one of those observers who are always coming into and going out of Russia, which is worth paying attention to because it is a repetition of the tragic warnings already given us by Maxim Gorki and Dr. Nansen. In Moscow, says the observer, and indeed throughout the country as a whole, the fact is no longer concealed that the coming winter is likely to be the worst yet. The prospect of bumper crops has terribly dwindled. Are we to watch the famine begin all over again? Having stopped our relief, must we begin that all over again too? Something more than the assurances of the American Relief Administration is necessary to convince us that Russia will not still be starving after the first of September.

THE Syrian Mandate is the most indefensible example of the mandate system, just as the mandate system turned out to be the worst piece of hypocrisy which came out of the Paris Conference. No one can be so simple as to suppose that the French are in Syria for any reason except their own profit. The Syrians were first betrayed by the British, who in explicit violation of their promise allowed them to be reduced to the status of wardship. They were next betrayed by the Council of the League of Nations, which confirmed the French mandate without submitting it to the people concerned. They are treated by the French as the latter treat conquered provinces. According to a dispatch in the New York Evening Post the people of Damascus, Beirut, Haifa, Alexandretta, Homs and Hama have closed their shops and are demonstrating against the French occupation, and General Gouraud has wired for more troops. The desperate plight of the Syrians in a world made safe for democracy is expressed by their leader, Prince Lutfallah: "In vain we have appealed for a hearing. No one would listen to our pleadings. There is but one thing left for us to do. That is to fight until we either conquer or die."

IT is perhaps in illustration of the principle of visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children that the Egyptians, who made such difficulty thirty centuries ago about letting the Hebrews move out, should find themselves at the mercy of a stronger power, whose heart is alternately softened by fear and hardened by interest and pride. The Egyptians, as if remembering the tenth plague inflicted upon them for their contumacy by the Hebrew God in the death of their first born sons, are subjecting their masters to the same penalty—the death of one prominent British officer of the occupation for every day Zagloul Pasha is kept in exile in the Seychelle Islands. A letter signed by Arthur Henderson, Dr. Clifford, Frank Hodges, Bernard Shaw and others demanding the release of Zagloul has been sent to Mr. Lloyd George by the Egypt Parliamentary Committee. These well-meant efforts are without result. The crux of the Anglo-Egyptian situation is that the two nations are in a deadlock which it is almost as difficult for the stronger as for the weaker power to break. The responsibility, as in the case of the United States in the Philippines and Haiti, rests squarely on the statesmanship of imperialism.

Profit and Loss from the Strikes

BEYOND question, the coal and railway strikes have been terribly costly to the country at large. Henry Ford's announcement that he will have to close down, throwing a hundred thousand men out of employment, presents merely a spectacular instance of what has been going on in industry at large in recent weeks. The country is losing an industrial output valued at many millions weekly. What is more important, new stresses are

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developing at a host of points in the industrial structure. Many concerns that managed to weather the hard times of last winter are now fated to go down. The precious opportunity of getting industry under way before winter, and so abating the evil of unemployment, has been lost. It is no wonder that most Americans, after casting up the account of losses inflicted upon persons in no way involved in the controversy, should vigorously condemn the irreconcilables in both camps who are prolonging their private quarrel in the hope of attaining that elusive and usually baneful objective, a conclusive victory. Nor is it any wonder that the larger share in the condemnation is bestowed upon the leaders of labor. They may not be the more irreconcilable, but they talk the more irreconcilably. They may not be the more pleased with the inconvenience and losses the public must endure, but they talk as if they were. In the recent negotiation between the twenty-six railroads and the unions, the employers certainly gave more of an impression of a sincere disposition to go half way than did the unions. Perhaps the reason was that the employers have a shrewder sense of public opinion. However that may be, the public can only judge by what it sees and hears, and judging by that, the unions' case does not strongly commend itself.

But before passing definite judgment the public ought to take into account not only the particular issue of seniority in the railway shops, but the whole industrial conflict in which the shopmen's strike is but an episode. Let us go back to the position of labor and capital in wartime. Then it was of the utmost importance to the nation to enlist the absolute devotion of every worker. And the government, in pursuing this object, was very free with its promises. The peace was to usher in a new world, for labor. The junkerism of the employing class was to go, along with the junkerism of the enemy states. Unionism was to hold a new position in our industrial constitution. And as an earnest of the new order, the head of the American Federation of Labor was accorded a high place in the war councils of the nation. Unionism throve under this régime, and succeeded in establishing for its membership a higher standard of living than could possibly have been anticipated in time of war. There was much murmuring among employers, who foresaw difficulties in restoring their control of labor after demobilization, but for the most part the employing class was content with a general condition which assured them unprecedented profits.

Upon the conclusion of peace the semi-official relation between government and organized labor came to an abrupt end. Industry was invited to return to its old channels. As at a preconcerted signal, employers throughout the country set out to effect a "deflation" of labor. It was only fair, of course, that wage scales which had been elevated to a fantastic height by war demands should come down. It was only natural that employers should try to bring them down more rapidly than the decline of prices warranted, and it was equally natural that labor should resist even justifiable reductions. But the struggle between capital and labor did not confine itself to the readjustment of wage scales. Instead, it resolved itself primarily into an attack by the employers upon the principle of effective unionism.

Everybody will recall the enthusiasm with which the so-called "American plan" was hailed, some three years ago. It was a plan which on its face appeared fair. Every worker might decide for himself whether he would join a union or not, and every employer would decide for himself whether he would have union men in his employ. It was the "open shop," with its inevitable tendency to drift toward the shop closed to union members. Everybody will recall the universal enthusiasm roused among employers by Mr. Gary's breaking of the steel strike. Labor was in retreat, and union membership began to fall off. Now was the time, it was urged by chambers of commerce and manufacturers' associations, to disestablish the national labor organizations and to substitute for them the more docile shop unions. The newly created Railway Labor Board seemed to have fallen in with the tendencies of the times in its abrogation of the National Agreement.

In this general offensive against unionism, it had long been known to students of industrial strategy, conclusive results could be won only by beating the heaviest battalions of labor, the United Mine Workers and the railway unions. The railway unions could be got at only indirectly, because of the inevitable intervention of the Railroad Labor Board. The mine workers, on the other hand, were exposed to a frontal attack. That attack was launched, with the refusal of the operators to confer on a new scale to take the place of the one which expired on April first. Henceforth the operators proposed to post scales of their own devising, or in case of need, to work out scales with the miners district by district, thus bringing the whole force of interdistrict competition to bear in the settlement of wages. The time appeared auspicious. There were large stocks of coal on hand, and the seasonal demand was at its lowest. It appeared, not only to the operators but to many of the miners and their sympathizers, that the battle

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was sure to end in a victory for the employers.

But the fighting power of mine labor had been underestimated. The strike developed unanticipated effectiveness. Labor everywhere began to feel that the retreat was at an end and that the time was coming for a counter offensive. The success of the striking shopmen in forcing the railway situation to the front as a national issue has further stiffened the morale of labor. Organized labor has won its Marne. It will probably have to meet formidable offensives in the fall and winter, especially if unemployment increases in grave proportions. But there is no longer any likelihood that the unions can be destroyed. "American plans" and company unions are going the way of the dream of a German Mitteleuropa.

Is this victory worth the cost, in the way of coal shortage and disorganized transportation, with all the attendant losses to agriculture and industry? We believe that it is. We are very far from maintaining that labor organization, in its present form, presents a final solution of our problem of industrial relations. We recognize the inherent defects in a form of association organized primarily for militant purposes, instead of for purposes of the most effective cooperation in the work of production. But as matters now stand the unions are our one solid bulwark against sweating and serfdom. And the public can afford heavy sacrifices for the sake of their preservation.

The Anthracite Deadlock

THE disinclination of Mr. Lewis to accept arbitration in the adjustment of next year's wage contract with the anthracite operators can be best interpreted in the light of the conditions which gave rise to the present strike in the coal industry. For more than six months prior to the date of termination of the anthracite contract, April 1, 1922, the miners and operators were engaged in a fruitless effort to fix wages for the coming coal year. The operators insisted on a drastic wage cut so that, they said, they might reduce the price of anthracite coal; whereas the miners, with equal intensity, held out for a substantial increase in wages on the ground that the margin of profits in the industry was wide enough to allow greater wages and that labor cost was anyhow only a minor and insignificant item in the high price of hard coal. Such were the contentions of labor and capital in the months preceding the beginning of the strike. But, as always, the issues did not long remain so simple and so clear. If for no other reason than that hard and soft coal miners are members of the same union, issues peculiar to the anthracite industry were soon lost in the larger and more fundamental questions raised by the bituminous strike. Regardless of what was said at its inception, there can no longer be any reasonable doubt that the bituminous strike was no more and no less than a test of strength. The time seemed ripe to challenge the integrity of the union. Victory for the operators meant abolition of the check-off, extension of the non-union area, and the more general application of what may properly be designated the West Virginia industrial code. The stakes were obviously large and, barring the unforeseen, worth fighting for. Clearly, also, victory for the operators would have borne fruit not for the bituminous operators alone. The prospect of dealing with a beaten and chastened union of workers could not have failed to be pleasing to the anthracite operators as well. So original differences in issues and tactics resolved themselves, through the force of circumstance, into a single issue and strategy, common to both the bituminous and anthracite industries. If, in this trial by battle, the operators had been fortunate enough to win, it was the common expectation that they would write the settlement in terms of labor liquidation. Victory by the union, conversely, could have been predicted to result in the rejection of the conception of labor liquidation and the maintenance of prevailing rates of wages.

By this time it is already a matter of record that the Mine Workers won as completely as it is given labor organizations to win in such industrial struggles. Settlements in the bituminous industry have been made and thousands have returned to work. The anthracite operators, however, while they are willing to have their men return to work under prevailing conditions until next April, refuse to make a contract beyond that time, unless the question of wages be submitted on April 1, 1923, to arbitration. This proposal the union rejects. It will not submit wages to arbitration and it insists on the extension of whatever terms are now agreed upon to April 1, 1924. In their insistence on a long term contract and in their attitude toward arbitration, the officers of the United Mine Workers stand on firm ground.

The essence of a successful collective contract between employers and employees is the assurance to both parties of stability and certainty for a reasonably long period of time. The coal industry has just come through a struggle of almost six months' duration. The conduct of this fight has entailed for the workers immeasurable sacrifice and hardship. This hardship they endured in the conviction that there was no justice in the demand of the anthracite operators for a wage cut. From

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neither public nor private sources have any facts been brought to light since April last that are calculated to weaken this conviction. Naturally, therefore, the members of the union are violently opposed to any agreement which will raise again within seven months the very same issues which they have just spent a half year in trying to settle. Much better, they think, to see the fight through now than to accept an armed truce and to resume battle when conditions may be even less favorable than they are at present.

Still greater is the union's opposition to entrusting the adjustment of wages to an arbitrator or to a board of arbitration. The reasons for this state of mind need no longer be a mystery to those who have followed the history of one great public board of arbitration during the past two years. It is asking too much of the leaders of a great popular movement that they close their eyes to the experience of the railroad workers with arbitration, that they forget the storm of disapproval which greeted the awards of the coal commissions of a few years before, and that they again resort to the same type of tribunal for the adjudication of their own differences with the operators. Not until industrial arbitration has wiped clean the slate of its contemporary record, can trade unions in all fairness be urged to bring their grievances before impartial representatives of the "public."

But even beyond this, there remains the highly pertinent fact that in its present state the anthracite industry does not yield those materials of evidence which are the prerequisites to the process of intelligent wage arbitration. In spite of much urging and many promises, no revealing document on investments, profits and annual earnings in the hard coal industry has appeared. To unravel the intricacies of joint accounting, to derive a figure of fair investment, to compute margins of profit, to separate railroad from mine earnings, to do justice to the item of mine royalties, and finally to settle upon a statement of fair earnings for labor is not the work of a day. No hastily improvised board of arbitration can produce information which will not be challenged as vigorously and as successfully as that which is now current in the industry. If the American public wishes to do justice to itself, it will insist upon the prompt appointment of a fact-finding commission, with the widest possible powers of inquiry, which will start immediately on its job. When such a commission makes its report, the public may rely on the force of its evidence to produce the necessary adjustments. Until then, hasty inquiry, snap judgments, and compulsory arbitration will yield, as they have in the past, nothing but greater irritation.

The Alien Property Tangle

THE American government is still holding some $350,000,000 which belongs to citizens of the German Republic. American citizens have claims against the German government for damages inflicted unlawfully in Germany's naval warfare prior to America's declaration of war against Germany. How much those claims will amount to, when they shall have been finally adjudicated, cannot now be estimated, but they will certainly mount high into the tens of millions. Should the United States government settle the American claims out of the proceeds of the sequestrated German properties, and then distribute any surplus among the German owners? Or, upon the execution of a satisfactory agreement with the German government for the payment of the American claims, should the German property be returned to its owners without further delay? The latter appears to be the objective of Mr. Hughes's policy, in the negotiations recently conducted with the German government. Application of the proceeds of the property first of all to the payment of American claims is the policy urged by Mr. Underwood. It is, by implication, though not directly, defended in an extremely lucid brief submitted to the President and Congress by Messrs. Davies, Betts, Stricker and Van Slyke, in the cause of the Lusitania claimants.

Under the usual interpretation of the Treaty of 1828 the property of German nationals should have been exempt from seizure even after the declaration of war. But the writers of the brief argue (1) that the property seized by the alien property custodian was not of the character contemplated by the Treaty of 1828; (2) that the Treaty of 1828 was invalidated by German attacks upon American ships and the destruction of American property and lives; and (3) that the Treaty of 1828 was superseded by the Berlin Treaty of 1921, which expressly states that all such German property "shall be retained by the United States and no disposition thereof made ... until such time as the Imperial German government ... shall have ... made suitable provision for the satisfaction of all claims" of Americans who have suffered damage through the acts of the German Imperial government since July 31, 1914.

Whatever cogency there may be in points (1) and (2), it is sufficiently clear from the language quoted in (3) that our government has a perfect legal right to hold the properties in question until "suitable provision has been made for the satisfaction of all claims." The German government, as the brief shows, had an indisputable right, under

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the principle of eminent domain, to take these properties away from its nationals and place them in trust with the United States as a guaranty of the settlement of American claims.

The brief does not point out, however, that neither in the words quoted, nor anywhere else in the Treaty of Berlin, is the United States government authorized to liquidate these properties for the benefit of the American claimants. On the contrary, it is expressely stipulated that the properties "shall be retained . . . and no disposition thereof made" until "suitable provision" shall have been made for the satisfaction of Amercan claims. We might be able to bully Germany into signing another treaty empowering us to set American claims off against the German properties, but plainly we cannot do that under the Treaty of Berlin any more than we could under the Treaty of 1828.

But what does "suitable provision" for the payment of claims mean? Actual payment? If that is what it means we may have to hold the pledges a great many years. All Germany's capacity to pay is already mortgaged to reparations. It is quite true that this does not absolutely preclude payment of our claims. There is no principle of international law under which reparations to the Allies would have priority over the American claims. But the Reparations Commission has its hand in Germany's purse, and we have no confidence that American diplomacy will prove competent to secure for ourselves any part of Germany's revenues. That is the reason why the American claimants insist so strenuously that the German properties shall not be returned to their owners.

We do not see, however, wherein the case of the claimants is materially improved by the retention of the German properties. Although in pledge, they are acknowledged to be of German ownership. They cannot under the existing treaty be sold on the claimants' account, nor can any revenues from them be diverted to the claimants. To continue to hold them is to wreak injury upon their owners, without corresponding benefit to the American claimants. Unless it is our ultimate object to compel the German government to confiscate the properties outright and surrender them to our government, there appears to be no practical advantage in retaining them.

And that, we think, is a policy that no commercial nation can afford to pursue. It is not possible to carry on an extensive foreign trade without making considerable investments abroad. But such investments will become an extremely doubtful venture if war makes all enemy private property subject to confiscation.

Nor is that the most serious aspect of the matter. If we are justified in seizing the private property of German nationals in satisfaction of American claims against the German government, then the French are justified in seizing German private property in satisfaction of their claims. They would be justified in seizing all the property in the Rhine Province and in expelling the German owners, thus throwing the whole province open to French colonization. And that would add a new horror to war. Defeat in war would mean seizure of all private property and the expulsion of whole populations.

It is the duty of our government to secure from Germany a fair adjustment of American claims, and to secure from the Allies a recognition of the parity of American claims with the Allied claims for reparations. Further than that the American government cannot proceed without setting a precedent which would help to drag the western world down into Turkish barbarism.

The Death of Michael Collins

They went forth to battle, but they always fell.

THE doom of the Celt pronounced by one of his own bards is being fulfilled more pitifully than ever before in his history. The fatal curse, which for centuries had worked itself out in defeat at the hands of alien conquerors, was doubled in maleficent efficacy when the Protestant entered Ireland and divided the North from the South. It was doubled again when the Treaty with Britain accomplished a new division between Free State and Republic. Nothing in Irish history, not the massacre of Drogheda, nor the cruelties of '98, not even the rebellion in Dublin in 1916, or the reprisals of the Black and Tans has worn so tragic a face as this last bitter conflict among the men who together had won the first victory in the long struggle for freedom; no victim—not Wolfe Tone nor Robert Emmett, nor Roger Casement, nor Padraic Pearce, nor James Connelley—has been crowned with such martyrdom as Michael Collins; never has Ireland felt a sorrow so full of anguish, or cried, with better right, "Was ever grief like unto my grief?"

In life Michael Collins revived the romantic glory of his race; the beauty of his dangerous course will become a legend. His death lacked no circumstance of tragedy. To die in the moment of victory has always been a great fate; to die with a task unfinished, but with the sense of having fulfilled an appointed part, has its consolation; to die in a lost and hopeless cause has a splendor of its own. Michael Collins died with the radiance of triumph upon him, hung about with the gloom of defeat. He died untimely with one task fin-

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ished, but another opening before him. He died in a cause which, after centuries of despair, he had made hopeful. He died in battle with his own countrymen, under the bullets of the soldiers whom he had trained to fight for their country and his. He died leaving no hope, except in the last words he uttered: "Forgive them"—and forgiveness seems possible only to the dying.

The death of Michael Collins, like that of Arthur Griffith the week before, is due primarily to the dubious and desperate alternative forced upon the Irish at the beginning of their open road to freedom. How difficult the choice was to prove to those who had fought the battle, perhaps no one at the time realized. If Lloyd George had foreseen, in the moment when he called upon the Irish envoys in London to sign the Treaty or face renewed war, that his conditions (which doubtless seemed to him the only ones then politically possible) would plunge Ireland into civil strife, remove the very men on whom the settlement depended, and open the way for a reaction which would make abortive his plan of conciliation—would he have persisted? Would he not have chosen the better part and freely committed the future relations of England and Ireland to Griffith and Collins, as those of England and South Africa to Botha and Smuts? But allowing full measure of scorn to the face-saving, self-interested holding-out on the part of England, the chief blame for the blighting of Irish hopes must fall upon the irreconcilable republicans. Having agreed to work out the cause of Irish freedom by treaty, it was incredible folly again to seize the sword, dissolute madness to turn it against their own brothers-in-arms. What could the victory of the republicans mean but renewed war against the British, with a divided instead of a united Ireland? What can their defeat mean but an Ireland weakened by their secession and the death of her leaders, disadvantaged in the new battle of negotiation over the constitution? It is an ungrateful task to speak with bitterness of men like Cathel Brugha and Harry Boland, who have sealed their testimony with their blood, but of Eamon de Valera it is necessary to record the profound grief with which those who had confidence in his honesty, disinterestedness and devotion, have seen him lend himself to factious and fratricidal war. We can divine the reluctance and hesitation with which he committed himself to that war—indeed they are written plainly in his own vacillating course of action. But by virtue of his position he more than any other Irishman must bear the blood-guilt of the death of Michael Collins.

Of the results of the removal of Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins it is too early to speak with assurance. An early report describes the irregulars as being encouraged to threaten Dublin. They are certainly more active in guerilla warfare. On the other hand, it is clear that the death of Collins has roused a new feeling in the country against the rebels, and recruits are pouring in for the Free State army. There is a story to the effect that the commander of the squad which ambushed Collins has remorsefully gone over to the Free State; and there is the account of Sean Collins on his way to his brother's funeral, held up by the irregulars who gloated over the fact that they had shot Mickeen to death. It may happily be that Irishmen will be drawn together by the tragedy. It is altogether probable that the Free State Army under Richard Mulcahy will continue to extend its control. The great need of Collins as of Griffith will become apparent when the Irish constitution is considered, and presented to Great Britain. No negotiators are left on the Irish side with authority equal to theirs. And that need will be still more evident when the Free State government comes to liquidate the consequences of the rebellion and undertake its normal functions. The wanton destruction perpetrated by the irregulars has enormously increased the financial liabilities of the new state. Collins was a financier as well as a soldier and diplomat. He should have proved the Hamilton, as well as the Washington of free Ireland. The more the future is examined, and the more his singular fitness by character and training to cope with this future is perceived, the greater and the more intolerable seems his loss—a loss irreparable and, in every sense of the word, fatal.

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Big Bill Borah

IN the Senate Borah sits to the left of the centre aisle. He is surrounded by men who differ with him and like him.

If he should get up and move to the other side of the aisle he would be surrounded by men who differ with him no less and like him just as much. The other side is the Democratic side.

Borah remains on the Republican side. He is the greatest common divisor of the personal likings of both sides.

Senators will indeed tell you that Borah refuses to do his share of the chores of the Senate. They will tell you that he leaves it to poor Pomerene to struggle with the measure for improving the wording of bills of lading on railroads in inter-state commerce. They will tell you that he leaves it to Lenroot to combat the statistics of Hiram Johnson on the cost of living of the cultivated walnut of California in comparison with the cost of living of the wild walnut of France.

They will tell you that Borah is the Little Jack Horner of the Senate, sticking in his thumb and pulling out a plum and leaving the dough. They will tell you that his life in the Senate is just one plum thing after another.

They will tell you this. But when they see Borah coming into the room they are delighted. They want to chat with him. They want to chum with him.

Big Bill Borah is comfortable. He has a stern face—all covered over with comfortableness.

He has a deep line up and down in his forehead and a deep line up and down in his chin and two deep lines up and down in his cheeks. They ought to make him look considerably like a Mongol conqueror. They do make him look quite powerful and commanding. But they cannot make him stop looking boyish.

Some people say that it is because of his eyes. They are not knowing eyes. They are not the eyes of one who says "I have seen everything." They are inquiring eyes. They inquire almost innocently. They have hope in them.

Borah is fifty-seven. His years are of maturity. His enthusiasms are of youth.

A lady at a dinner party was heard to tell him that his pacifism—as she called it—was very bad. He turned to her and gave her a speech against war as carefully argued—and as moving—as any that he could ever give to the Senate.

Even in private talk there is no cynicism in him. There is faith in him—a faith almost ingenuous.

It is not diminished—it is increased—by a certain other quality of his. He keeps away a great deal from the difficulties of people's characters. He gives himself to the clarities of issues.

In the fight against the League of Nations Borah did not much attack Wilson. He attacked the League. His enemies say he dodged the tougher topic. His friends say he rose to the higher one.

He has much personality for likableness. He has a great impersonality in controversy.

He is a conservative.

He dotes on the Constitution and on the men who made the Constitution. He thinks that just as Shakespeare was the peak of the poetry of the race, so the men who made the Constitution were the peak of its politics.

He would not vote for calling a new convention now to make a new constitution. He does not think that we have the men for it. Nor does he think that we in fact have the need for it. He thinks that the basic principles already established in the existing Constitution are right and are sufficient.

He refused to follow Roosevelt in the idea of recalling the decisions of judges. Borah is for the independent executive, the independent legislative, the independent judiciary. He is for the constitutional principles of 1787.

He is also for the foreign policies of 1792. He is opposed to alliances. He is in favor of neutrality. His opposition to the League of Nations was an opposition not of radicalism but of conservatism.

His opposition to large navies and large armies is equally an opposition of conservatism. He desires the small navy which we had under our first presidents and the small army which we had not only under our first presidents but also in England under the Stuarts and the Tudors.

Radicals may applaud the tone of Borah's opposition to armaments. It is the same tone that English kings heard when the English people wanted no armaments that might make the executive of England omnipotent.

Borah wants no omnipotent executive at Washington. He recoils from concentrations and centralizations at Washington. He distrusts our recent accumulations and multiplications of bureaus and of bureaucratic ordering powers at Washington. He is a Jeffersonian Republican.

He would not give the federal government an omnipotence either by soldiers in uniform or by bureaucrats not in uniform.

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He recoils also from insular possessions. We started on the mainland with territory only of the sort that could be made into states. If Borah had his way, we probably should never have territory of any other sort.

He completes his conservatism by being ardently for public economy. He grieves for the taxpayer.

Himself, he lives in a moderate apartment in a moderate apartment building. His most luxurious amusement seems to be meditation on the back of a serious horse proceeding in due time to the end of a bridle path in Rock Creek Park.

His grief for the taxpayer is not the grief of a rich man for himself. It is that of a moderately circumstanced citizen conservatively very distrustful of high taxes and conservatively very apprehensive of their effect on the stability of society.

When Borah is arguing against high taxes, his principal point is that high taxes seem to precede revolutions.

Such a character might readily be altogether negative. Borah becomes positive. He becomes positive, I should say, by a quite antique route.

He is not content with going back to the Constitution. He goes back beyond it also to the Declaration of Independence.

Borah never sneers at either of those two documents. Most people have to sneer at one of them if they are going to revere the other. Borah comprehensively reveres them both.

He reveres "checks and balances." He reveres "the consent of the governed" and "the rights of man."

He thinks that "checks and balances" help to preserve "the rights of man" and he thinks that the federal government should positively promote the rights and the lawful gains of the masses of men and women—in harmony with "checks and balances" and "constitutional guarantees."

He positively and prominently supported the federal constitutional amendment which gave us a federal income tax. It did not diminish the powers of the state governments and it upset no "checks and balances" within the federal government.

He again positively and prominently supported the amendment which gave us the direct election of United States Senators. It was a change in electoral method. It was no change at all in powers—either of the state governments or of the Senate.

He resisted the federal woman suffrage amendment. This amendment did change a power. It changed the power of the state governments to determine the qualifications of the members of their own electorates.

These distinctions are very important to Borah. Doubtless I report them imperfectly. I am satisfied if I accurately indicate the political fact which they illustrate in him.

He is a stickler for constitutional niceties and a devotee of the heroic age of American original domestic and foreign policies and an ardent advocate nevertheless—or, as he would say, therefore—of certain numerous modern democratic developments.

He is in favor of low taxes but is not obliged to think that they must be laid upon the lowly. He is in favor of the representation of the states as states at Washington but is not obliged to think that they must choose their representatives through conventions controllable by the few.

He could favor the extension of federal taxes to the rich; he could favor the extension of direct senatorial electoral power to the masses of the voters; and—on a state-by-state basis—he could and of course did favor the extension of the suffrage to women.

In foreign affairs he would claim that his negative attitude toward alliances is in fact no impediment to a positive policy toward world problems. He would even claim that it is an impetus to a positive policy.

In the Senate, among Republican Senators, there are four completed and perfected "irreconcilables." They voted against the League of Nations and they voted also against the Four Power Treaty. They are La Follette, Borah, Johnson and France.

It is to be noted that not one of these four Senators has ever given any support to the most negative of all the international performances of our day—namely, the continued ostracism of Russia. On the contrary, these Senators have conspicuously desired to see Russia welcomed back to the community of nations.

Why is it? Borah would say that it is precisely because a negative attitude toward alliances and interventions and general meddlesomenesses is the best direct road toward a desire for general friendlinesses.

He would say that freedom from the manoeuvres of alliances and leagues is the best direct road toward a forthright American interest in the regeneration of Europe.

He would say that an American handling of the American claims against Germany could give us our best approach to a solving of the reparations question. He would say that an American handling of the American claims against the Allies could give us our best approach to a solving of the question of the world's armies and navies.

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Like Johnson, he firmly believes in a positive European policy by the United States of America. He disbelieves only in policies proceeding from a sort of United States of America and Europe. He thinks that recent experience teaches us that the America of such a United States would be Europeanized. He does not believe in a swallowed America. He is able to believe all the more in an America positively itself and positively regenerative in Europe.

In American domestic affairs his reverence for "constitutional guarantees" and his reverence for "the rights of man" come to a combined positive issue in his attitude toward the current crucial combat of capital against unionism.

Borah perceives that in that combat the strength of capital can be used to bring to emptiness the common man's constitutional rights of free speech and of free assembly and association. In Borah's view those rights must be preserved, no matter what their economic consequences may be. He was scandalized to hear from some of his colleagues that the Constitution slept during the war. He is equally scandalized to hear that it sleeps during strikes. He thinks it never sleeps or, if it does sleep, should be wakened.

In that degree he never hesitates to come to the defence of unionism. He is for "the rights of man" irrespective of circumstances since in all circumstances the basis and the end of government is man's manhood.

At Rome in an age long since gone by there was a line by Ennius that said:

"Moribus antiquis stat res Romana virisque."

It could be written across Borah's desk as the text of all his speaking:

"On ancient manners stands our state—
On ancient manners, and on men."

WILLIAM HARD.

The Trouble in Palestine

ACTIONS that would be regarded as eccentric in ordinary life often pass without remark in the world of international politics. For example, supposing that two commodities had been proved by frequent experience to explode on contact with one another, a person finding himself in possession of premises stocked with one of these materials would naturally be deterred, by the fatal accidents that had overtaken his neighbors, from introducing into the same premises a large consignment of the other substance. He would be still more cautious if he were not an owner or tenant but a trustee. And yet the government on whom the mandate for Palestine has been centred has committed itself to at least as hazardous a policy. All round Palestine, in countries where there is a mixed population and no mandatary in control, explosions are occurring. Anatolia, in particular, has fallen into a chronic state of war; Greeks are wiping out Turks and Turks Greeks; and there seems no prospect of the destruction coming to an end until one nationality or the other has been eliminated and their common country permanently ruined. In the meantime in Palestine, the British government having undertaken to assist the local population to lead an independent existence at the earliest possible moment under the strenuous conditions of modern life, is deliberately trying to introduce "bi-nationalism," with all its dangers and difficulties, into what has hitherto been a comparatively homogeneous country.

The essence of the Western political idea called "nationality" is that a homogeneous population should be exclusive and absolute sovereign over a block of territory marked off by frontiers from the rest of the habitable world. It is a system which has grown out of the special conditions of the region where it originated, and which is more or less unsuitable to societies that have developed on different lines. Hence the explosions that have coincided with its advent among the mixed populations of the Near and Middle East. But the triumph of nationalism in the East is an inevitable consequence of the ascendency of Western civilization. Its progress from one region and one population to another cannot be stayed. And in these circumstances it is a strange policy to accentuate, in an Eastern country like Palestine, those very conditions which make nationality, in the East, such a dangerous novelty.

Before the War, Palestine contained about 600,000 Arabic-speaking Moslems and Christians (the former greatly predominating) and 100,000 Jews. Of these Jews, the majority were urban. They were crowded together in Jerusalem and in one or two country towns, and the forty agricultural colonies which had been planted successfully during the past forty years only accounted for about 12,000 persons. In these circumstances, the rise of national feeling produced two effects. On the one hand, the Moslem and Christian Arabs began to feel themselves one with their Arab neighbors, especially with those of Syria, from which

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Palestine is divided by no physical boundaries. On the other hand, the Palestinian Jews, especially the agricultural colonists, and, still more, a majority of the Jewish "Dispersion" all over the world, began to look forward to making Palestine eventually their own in the sense in which the United States belongs to the American people or France to the French.

These two slowly materializing claims were made concrete and urgent by the War, and the British government enlisted the sympathy and support of both claimants by promising to do something for each of them. Without prejudice to the position of the existing inhabitants of the country, Palestine was to be made a Jewish "National Home" and the present trouble arises primarily from a belief, widely prevalent among the Arabs and not absent among a section of the Zionists, that one clause of this undertaking is incompatible with the other. Some Zionists insist that "National Home" is a meaningless phrase unless Palestine is to be as Jewish as England is English—an interpretation which has just been expressly repudiated by the British government, but which is, it must be confessed, the ordinary notion of a nation's rights in its "home" heritage, however impossible a dream it may be in Palestine for the Jews. On the other side, the Arabs almost universally maintain, with equal reason, that it will and must prejudice their position if the Palestinian Jews, who have hitherto been a passive and unaggressive minority, are to have a prior claim to acquiring the undeveloped resources of the country, are to increase their numbers by immigration until they equal or surpass those of the Arabs, and are to have the Hebrew language—which very few, even among the Palestinian Jews, speak as their vernacular or mother tongue—placed on an official equality with Arabic in the administration. Indeed, these are all eventualities which the majority would attempt to rule out by legislation if they possessed self-government, and Mr. Churchill has in fact declared this to be a reason why the Palestinian Arabs cannot now enjoy the same independence as those of Mesopotamia to whom the mandatory power has given a native Arab government, with which it is settling its relations in the form of a treaty between one independent state and another. "There is no question," Mr. Churchill wrote on the first of March last to the Palestine Arab Delegation, "of treating the people of Palestine as less advanced than their neighbors in Iraq and Syria.... If your Delegation really represents the present attitude of the majority of the Arab population of Palestine, (and Mr. Churchill has no grounds for suggesting that this is not the case) it is quite clear that the creation at this stage of a national government would preclude the fulfillment of the pledge made by the British government to the Jewish people."

Thus the natural national expectations of the Jews and the Arabs are both doomed to disappointment by the fact that the mandatory power has commitments to both, and it is evident that a country which has to be a "national home" for two nations, cannot be one for either of them in the usual sense of the term. At the same time, it is clear that the British government—as well as the American, French and Italian governments, all of which endorsed the Balfour Declaration—is committed to "bi-nationalism" in Palestine, however highly explosive this political compound may be. The hazardous experiment must be carried forward, and the Zionist organization has now officially accepted the British government's program of procedure. This shows very praiseworthy strength of mind and moderation on their part, when the pressure of the extremists is taken into account. But after all, the Jews have everything to gain by a régime under which they will be able to rise from being a small minority to becoming equal to or even stronger than the Arabs; and to the Arabs this is bound to seem merely a roundabout road to that "all-Jewish" Palestine which the British government has put out of court, but which the Arabs none the less fear. The resentment of the Arabs is also very greatly heightened by a belief that, apart from the conditions attached to the Balfour Declaration, Great Britain had previously pledged herself to "recognize and uphold Arab independence" in Palestine, in the commitments made to King Hussein of Mecca in 1915.

This question, which has lately been debated rather keenly in the House of Commons and in the British press, raises same subtle but none the less inportant points of diplomatic history—all the harder to solve because the British government is still withholding its correspondence with King Hussein from publication. Briefly, the facts were as follows. In 1915 Hussein, as spokesman of a secret anti-Turkish Arab Nationalist committee sitting at Damascus and claiming with substantial justice to represent the views of the Arab population then subject to the Ottoman Empire, promised Great Britain that the Arabs would revolt against Turkey if Great Britain would undertake to recognize and uphold their independence within certain stated boundaries. These boundaries included all the Arab countries of Asia, that is, Mesopotamia, Syria and Palestine as well as the Arabian Peninsula; and the British government, knowing that Syria came within the sphere of French ambitions, immediately communicated the Arabs' offer to its ally France. The result was a deadlock between con-

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flicting French and Arab claims, until a prominent Arab Nationalist advised the British government that if the inland Syrian towns of Damascus, Homs, Hama and Aleppo were expressly included in the guaranteed area of Arab independence, the Arabs would probably leave the destiny of the Syrian coast in suspense until after the war. Accordingly, the British High Commissioner in Egypt, through whom the negotiations with King Hussein were being conducted, was instructed to promise Arab independence within the area mentioned by the King, with the exception of Cilicia and of the territory west of the four districts of Damascus, Homs, Hama and Aleppo. In reply to this, King Hussein undertook to revolt against Turkey on these terms, with the warning that he would fight the French for the liberty of the Syrian coast after the conclusion of the war.

In this transaction two points deserve notice. In the first place, no Zionist claim to Palestine was yet in question, and the formula agreed upon arose purely out of a conflict between Arab claims and those of France in Syria. In the second place, while Palestine was not mentioned by name, any more than were Syria, Hijaz, Yemen or other individual provinces, it was included in the boundaries of the area laid down by Hussein—the western boundaries of which were the Red Sea, the Egyptian frontier in Sinai and the Mediterranean coast up to and including Alexandretta and even Messina—and was therefore included in the British promise, unless expressly excepted. Since it was not excepted by name, it could only be so as forming part of the territory lying west of the four districts specified, and the British government has therefore taken great pains to prove that it does in fact form part of them. On this point, however, the Palestine Arab Delegation have undoubtedly got the best of the argument.

The British government points out that the former Turkish "Vilayet (Province) of Shams," of which Damascus was the administrative centre, stretched southward, east of Jordan, parallel with the whole length of Palestine; and it argues that since Palestine undoubtedly lies west of this southern salient of the Vilayet of Shams, it falls under "territory west of the district of Damascus" as specified in the limiting clause of their commitment to Hussein. To this plea, however, the Arabs have returned two conclusive answers: (1) that the British High Commissioner did not write "Vilayet of Shams" but "district of Damascus"; and (2) that he cannot have intended, in this phrase, to refer to the whole Ottoman province, since he mentioned, side by side with the district of Damascus, the districts of Hama and Homs—for Hama and Homs, as well as Damascus, were parts of the Shams Vilayet, and if "district" had meant "Vilayet" and "Damascus" "Shams," then Hama and Homs would not have been mentioned separately. The former of these points has since been admitted by Mr. Churchill. In a second draft of his memorandum, in which the words of the original promise to King Hussein had been quoted—the only fragment of that correspondence which has yet been published officially—the word "Vilayet" was tacitly changed to "district" of Damascus, in accordance with the Arab Delegation's contention. The upshot is that Palestine was *not* excepted from the area in which the British government promised in 1915 to recognize and uphold Arab independence, and that the Balfour Declaration of 1917 was therefore incompatible with a previous commitment. To saddle his country with irreconcilable commitments is almost the worst crime of which the professional diplomatist is capable, for it compromises that country's reputation for straight-dealing. However, the blunders of a nation's servants can generally be repaired by the nation itself, if it has the courage and patience to take the situation in hand. Certainly the mandatory power in Palestine is placed, by its equivocal diplomatic position, under an extra obligation to carry through to a successful conclusion its very difficult and thankless task; and, by equity and common sense, the substantial interests, though not the legal claims, of the Arabs and the Jews can perhaps still be adjusted. But the diplomatic background certainly aggravates the difficulty of the Palestine mandate to a formidable degree.

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE.

Megalosaurus

A monster like a mountain, leathern-limbed,
With eyes of sluggish ore and claws of stone,
He heaved his thunder-throated body, rimmed
By marsh-fires human eyes have never known.
A monolith carved out of savage night,
He hid in his impenetrable hide
Muscle and blood and nerves to sense delight
And agony that tore him when he died.

The clumsy terror of his frame has gone
The way of his blind, simple savagery.
Out of his casual bones men build the dawn
That bore and bred such brutish game as he.
But still endures his dull, confounding shape:
In wars of the wise offspring of the ape.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

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A Tired Radical

WHEN Mrs. Aronson came in today I was at the information desk—my post in the library in a foreign quarter. A book was her objective and we took the usual devious conversational detour to find it.

"That Main Street, now. Is it still so popular? Ach, it is a dreary book. Twice have I looked at it and turned away. But if all the world has read it, then so must I. But he's not lively like that Harry Johnston now. Ach, that book—the Happy-Dombeys! Such wit, such fun! He keeps me awake the whole evening through. No, Main Street I shall save for a while yet. What other good novel is there, dearie?"

"May Sinclair's last one?"

"Sinclair? Ach, I read The Jungle. Such a book! For five years after would I not go near a delicatessen. You mean yet another Sinclair?"

Mrs. Aronson now has her thrills vicariously "by books," for she has renounced the combats that made her famous on our East Side and has become a tired radical. Books have no damaging effect upon her husband's sales in his small drygoods shop on Hester Street, as had her previous adventures. There are the children, too, to be considered. What can they do with a mama continually on the rampage?

When I met Mrs. Aronson she was at the height of her power. If Mrs. Aronson had lived in England she might have been another Mrs. Pankhurst. If she had lived in the Middle West, she would have been leader of the Thanatopsis Club and would have given it reality and ardor. Since her American life was spent in New York's lower East Side, economic rather than political or literary issues of the day naturally called for her championing.

I met her before the war, or before America's entry. Our encounter was not in the library, for in the days before Mrs. Aronson became rich and weary, she did not frequent our place. Mrs. Aronson spoke on a nearby street corner almost every evening, and we chanced to meet after one of her gatherings.

She had a large following, and an excitable one, and she organized the mothers of the East Side as they have not been organized before or since. She led them in a bread riot that brought newspaper headlines and more tangible results. She harangued the crowd at City Hall to the intense discomfiture of city officials and a police force that found it difficult to deal lightly, and at the same time effectively, with women who had the sympathy of the crowd. Her massive honest face, surmounted by natural coarse black hair—she radically declined the stitched wig of her orthodox contemporaries as well as the hat of the conventionally Americanized—carried a conviction of her sincerity.

Mrs. Aronson was neighborly enough in the morning. She was not one to hold back a bit of flour that the family next door needed. Nor could she resist an invitation to squeeze a neighbor's newly purchased fish and pass upon its tenderness.

At or during or directly after the noon dinner—only a discreet and troubled Mr. Aronson could have told the exact hour of the metamorphosis—Mrs. Aronson put aside the rôle of housewife and became the leader. Frequently she repaired with her followers to the stuffy room of the Pantsmakers' Union and discussed in shrill Yiddish or broken English the profiteers, the high cost of living, the increase in rent. When the drafted men were sent away it was Mrs. Aronson who led the lamentations before the office of the local board. Although her own son was too young to be taken, Mrs. Aronson's cries were the loudest that fell upon the ears of the uneasy policeman stationed there to prevent trouble.

When food restrictions were passed Mrs. Aronson was first to denounce the use of cornmeal and rice as substitutes for flour, and the further limitations placed upon cooking. Mr. Aronson, had he not been docile and unquestioning, might have put his tongue in his cheek. His wife's outside duties and preoccupations curbed her cooking activities without governmental regulations. There were several brushes with the police when Mrs. Aronson and her crowd swooped upon a small grocer or pushcart man and demanded lower prices. Yet her utmost defiance could not add a jail sentence to her achievements. The magistrate warily refused the crown of martyrdom, contenting himself, if not Mrs. Aronson, with a warning. The city had all it could do with the war on its hands wihout making martyrs.

"Go slow with the women," the police were warned. "The time's too tense to let 'em have hysterics and get 'emselves abused. Jolly 'em along and don't take 'em too seriously."

The police thereafter let Mrs. Aronson talk, listened politely, kept the crowd from blocking traffic—and that was all.

Then came the great onion coup. Someone cor-

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nered the market. Mrs. Aronson took away and then restored onions to the East Side. Onions in our neighborhood are not to be sniffed at, or rather they are to be sniffed at with epicurean appreciation. From the Battery to Fourteenth Street, from the Bowery to East River, the onion is the very breath of life. The subtlety of the stew, the flavor of the soup, the delectability of the midnight sandwich all depend upon it. Its homely odor mingles with the salt of the herring and the brine of the pickle-vat to give the East Side its true and unmistakable odor. To restore onions to a people deprived of them called for the resourcefulness of a leader.

The price of potatoes soared, sugar went up, then almost went out. Fish became dear, herring advanced outrageously. Still one could have onions. Beans mounted, followed by lentils. Then onions soared. There had been an increased demand for this all-round substitute, an overnight advance in wholesale prices and a corresponding revision of signs on pushcart banners. Even the onion could no longer be relied upon.

One of Mrs. Aronson's followers told me of the meeting the day after. Mrs. Aronson came to the room of the Pants-makers' Union. Mrs. Kolinsky and Mrs. Ornstein were before her in hot argument.

"Twenty-six cents for onions! One pound I bought, but never again. Sooner shall I starve than pay such a price! Back to Schneider's shall I go and try no more to save my money."

"Twenty-six cents, is it, Mrs. Kolinsky? Your man shows the milk of human kindness. Twenty-eight cents would the turnip-hearted rascal at Essex Street charge me!"

"On purpose, Mrs. Ornstein, have they held out from increasing the onion till the last. They raise potatoes. 'Get more onions,' I tell myself. The price of herring goes out of sight. 'Never mind, children, Mama will make you a thick onion soup.' Never have I leaned so upon the onion as the last months."

Mrs. Aronson considered, holding aloof from the argument. Other women came, listened, wailed and testified. That she herself did not share the general enthusiasm for onions was beside the point. The scheme, sprung full-armed into her head, was divulged as her follower told me.

"Women," she called suddenly, rapping for order, and getting it at last from even that excitable crowd. "Women! Ladies! This meeting will come to order—right away now! We will consider the high cost of living. You have heard the news. A tragedy is it that onions have gone up. Onions is only one example, but onions are a necessity. Our children cannot get on without them. We give our sons to the war and we cannot even buy an onion for the little ones at home. Let us make our stand here! Too long have we talked and nothing done! Tomorrow we do! I have a plan."

If you read the papers the next few days you know how the plan worked, although Mrs. Aronson's part in it was no more than suspected. The following morning Monroe Street showed the usual scene of pushcart activity. Salad greens for little Italy were heaped on pushcarts beside the pickle-vats of the ghetto, those briny vats where blobs of red peppers, dill pickles, cucumbers and tomatoes made rich splashes of color and roused irresistible longings. Mothers with babies at their heels had their morning's adventure—their morning's tragedy, it was sometimes—and retired, triumphant or dejected, with the result of the encounter in a rusty mesh bag or a greasy copy of yesterday's Vorwärts.

A policeman was looking over the scene with his usual tolerance when a furious man, agitated to the point of incoherence, claimed his attention.

"Quick, come!" he shouted. "They have ruined me! Stop the women! They have spoiled my onions! And today I have bought only onions!"

The policeman followed to the scene of pushcart disaster around the corner. A crowd had gathered, attracted by the cries of the owner but all seemed orderly. The cart was piled high with onions. The vendor had evidently just started the day's trading. The policeman was puzzled.

"Well, what's the matter? They're all here, aren't they?"

"Mein Gott, yes! Not a one had I sold! I was just starting the day. Ach, and onions so hard to get. Never again will I kill myself that the women may live in plenty! Smell, smell!" for the policeman had not yet grasped the catastrophe. Children gathered closely. Women with babies gaped incredulously. The officer stooped with dignity, closing his eyes as the official nose approached the aroma.

"Kerosene!" he decided, lifting his head.

"Kerosene!" wailed the vendor. "Every onion on the cart is ruined! Sweet and sound as nuts they were not ten minutes ago! Two women came up to me, not of this block but strangers. I know all the women about here—I scour the markets to make them happy. 'How much are onions?' says one. 'Twenty-eight cents,' says I, 'and lucky you are to come by them at that. They're hard to get.'

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" 'Twenty-eight cents,' says she, quietlike, as if she hadn't heard.

" 'Twenty-eight cents,' says I, thinking she wants to beat me down in my price.

" 'Ach, Gott help me, give me a pound,' says she. 'And mind you wrap them well in a piece of paper. I come from far.'

"I turned to get the paper under the cart. The other woman, she says nothing. I see her open a big bag, and take something out. Just a minute was I underneath, and when I looked up, already were they walking away. 'Hey, lady, have you forgot the onions?' I says. But they just walked into the crowd. I leaned down to see if they had swiped any, and then that smell! Mein Gott! I knew what had happened. My onions ruined, my day ruined, my kinder starving, because they do not want to pay my little price!"

The policeman jotted down notes. The crowd was breathless at the audacity. Pity for the vendor was slight compared with admiration for the strange women. No one could give descriptions. No one had seen them. The pushcarter himself could give no coherent account. No, they did not belong to the neighborhood. They were strangers sent right from the evil one.

Every policeman in the district reported similar cases that night. Scarcely an onion on the East Side had escaped its dose of kerosene that day. The damage had all been done by strangers, and in no cases could the offenders be caught. Grocers in small stores when they heard the news concealed their stock of onions and reported "All out" to inquirers.

Onions disappeared entirely from the market. Not a vendor would run the risk of losing his wares. It was a complete triumph in a way. But the onion had gone not so much down as out. The East Side missed its aroma. The satisfaction of routing it was brief. The East Side women had had their modern Boston tea-party, they had outdone the pushcarters, they had baffled the police—their natural enemies—but for a week they went onionless. The onion must be restored to the pot.

I have never learned how it was done. I know that another march to the City Hall was planned at a time extremely embarrassing for an administration seeking reelection. Such a demonstration, officials felt, must be avoided at any price. With the reappearance of the onion Mrs. Aronson added a decoration to her capable chest. I did not see her for several weeks after her tour de force. The entry into the great war had completely submerged the guerilla warfare of the East Side. It was the war, I supposed, that made Mrs. Aronson more sedate and dignified as she came into the library.

Yet something more than a sedate manner struck me. A policewoman's badge—several policewomen had recently been added to the force—sparkled on her bosom. As a token of derision? So I thought at first. No, it was the symbol both of success and of capitulation. Mrs. Aronson came to represent the Department at a community council meeting. Her speech would have flowed eloquently from the mouth of a Chautauqua patriot. She had the fervid zeal of a convert.

Of late Mrs. Aronson has been coming often to the library, for her police duties ended with the war, and her clipped wings and prosperity prevent her resuming the old wild flights. She has been successful in keeping her daughter from following the flapper instincts of those around her. Bessie has a round, honest face with more freckles than I have seen on a single other New Yorker. She looks like a daughter of the prairies with her fine robustness and clear eyes. If there are signs in her plain face that she yearns for the forbidden paint and powder, bobbed hair and cape, Bessie knows better than to express the yearning to a mother who has renounced radical aims for the sake of her husband's business and the future of her children. Bessie has almost finished high school and is going to study law. Mrs. Aronson's daughter! An upholder of the law and the statutes! When Mrs. Aronson takes a flop, she flops hard.

And Louis, the firstborn and pride of her heart—what of him? Louis has grown a fine figure of a boy. His mother has the promise of an appointment to West Point. Louis has just the figure for a uniform, and Mrs. Aronson, erstwhile pacifist, would admire him in military accouterments. Of Mrs. Aronson's eighteen years in this country, she spent twelve in protesting against the existing order. Now she is ready to present a daughter to the law and a son to the upholding thereof. Can Americanization go further?

Probably there is another protestant against the high cost of living, another leader of East Side women. I am sure that she has not the same dash. There are moments when I could almost regret that prosperity and a family should have made Mrs. Aronson a tired radical, and I realize that only celibacy and the vows of poverty can keep perpetually stiff the back of the nonconformist.

ESTHER JOHNSTON.

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Cooperation in Tobacco

COMMODITY marketing as a principle of producers' cooperatives now includes the finical but important crop of tobacco. The principle involves the control of a specific commodity, the pooling of the entire crop according to established grades or standards, credits in sufficient quantity to enable the crop to be held or stored rather than "dumped," and in consequence the elimination of the factor of speculation. The burley tobacco growers of Kentucky, Ohio, West Virginia and Indiana sold last year's crop under this plan and the experience proved to be the leverage necessary to cause the spread of the movement to the bright leaf areas of Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina.

As a result the Tri-State Tobacco Growers' Cooperative Association now embraces a membership of 78,000 growers in the three states, or 80 percent, 65 percent, and 60 percent of the total growers in each state. Each member is bound by a five year contract designed after the California pattern and thus far declared to be "court-proof." The penalty for violation of this contract includes a five percent charge on all tobacco not sold to the Association and all costs of court action. The Association is now marketing tobacco under this plan in South Carolina and markets will open to the northward as the season advances.

Three of the important factors essential to the success of any marketing plan have been achieved by the cooperatives: they have a membership sufficiently large to control the crop (78,000 out of a total of 120,000 or 65 percent); they have over one hundred and fifty warehouses at their disposal either through purchase or lease, together with a competent staff of technicians; the War Finance Corporation has underwritten the credit of the Association to the extent of thirty million dollars, which is supplemented by from eight to ten millions of local credits. Thus the Association is assured of its commodity, the facilities for the mechanical phases of marketing and sufficient credit to make initial payments to growers.

This sudden accomplishment, which astonished even its promoters, represents a revolt against the auction system of tobacco marketing. According to the tenets of nineteenth century economics the auction system should have provided complete satisfaction. Competition was ostensibly free and universal. The grower brought his tobacco to the local warehouse where it was dumped on the floor to be graded and sold to the highest bidder. Everyone connected with the system profited—except the grower. Tobacco came to be one of the sportiest of speculations. The law of supply and demand played some of its most freakish tricks. Although the price of manufactured tobacco maintained a remarkably narrow margin of variability—one dollar's worth of manufactured tobacco represents eight cents in raw tobacco value—the price of the raw product varied so greatly that the farmer was left to the vagaries of a gambling form of agriculture. Even the easy-going Southern farmer came at last to see that the system was irrational—which may or not prove that exploitation has its ultimate limits.

The success or failure of this movement depends upon such factors as the inexperience of the co-operators, the personnel of the directors and technicians, the general disposition of the Southern farmer to "go it alone," the crowd psychology employed in securing signed contracts, the opposition of time-merchants in tobacco marketing areas, the opposition of the old auction-sales group, and a rather vague and mysterious opposition which appears to emanate from certain foreign tobacco corporations. The most interesting phases of the conflict centre about the time-merchant and the auction-sales group—forces within the local community.

The time-merchant is an institution somewhat peculiar to the tobacco and cotton growing sections of the south. He is a merchandizer who sells goods to farmers on credit. His security is a legal lien executed in advance against the grower's crop. When the crop is sold he receives full payment for his account before any of the proceeds go to the producer. An important element of the time-merchant's technique involves an increase of from eight to ten percent in the price of credit sales. Small growers and tenants live so near the margin of poverty that this combination serves to keep them continuously indebted to the time-merchant. Obviously, such growers cannot participate in the cooperative enterprise without the consent of the merchant by whose grace and will they have their being. If a sufficiently large number of these small growers can be prevented from becoming members of the cooperatives, this may be the factor which will combine with other factors to defeat the entire movement.

The auction-sales group has power wholly out of proportion to its numbers. In one important tobacco marketing centre there are approximately twenty-five families whose livelihood has hitherto been dependent upon tobacco marketing under the auction system. These families have a vital relationship to the social as well as the commercial life of their communities. They borrow large sums of money from the local banks at market seasons,

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and hence become a part of the credit system. A few are technicians who are expert in grading and allocating tobacco to proper markets. It would be a grave misunderstanding of the present level of human nature to expect this group with its important interrelations to accept unconditional surrender under the terms of the cooperatives. The conflict between these two forces is open and unmistakable in many communities; in others it is submerged but none the less real.

Two methods of meeting this inevitable conflict are in operation. One is the age-old method of meeting force with force; of refusing to compromise or to capitulate; of open warfare. The other is the method of salvaging what is useful out of the old system and incorporating it within the new.

Community "X" in North Carolina is a fair example of the former method. Here the middlemen and the credit agencies have fought the cooperative movement with all the tools at their disposal. They have bought extensive space in the press, they have tried coercion in its acute form—threats of refusal of credits; the appointment of a committee to proceed to Washington to enlist the assistance of the politicians to prevent the extension of credits by the War Finance Corporation. In short they have used means destined to create enmities which will endure for generations. The prospect of establishing good human relations in Community "X" has been immeasurably lowered during the last six months of bitter conflict—and the end is not yet.

Community "Y" in Virginia represents a new technique of meeting conflict. All of the existing warehouses have been turned over to the cooperatives. The best of the technicians of the auction-system have been employed by the Cooperative Association. Through the enthusiastic support of the old auction group, including bankers, it has been possible to enroll ninety percent of the tobacco growers of the surrounding area in the Association. Community "Y," like Community "X," is one of the largest bright leaf tobacco markets in the Southern states, hence the significance of the comparison.

Community "Z" is the home of the largest tobacco grower in the world. He became convinced of the soundness of commodity cooperative marketing and induced his 225 tenants to become members of the Association. His influence was so extensive that within twenty days of his signing a contract his example was followed by 2,200 growers in the immediate vicinity. Community "Z" had become a tobacco market scarcely more than one year ago and the initial investments in warehouses were still a net loss. But the promoters were confronted with the same issue here as elsewhere: capitulate to the cooperatives or fight them. They did neither. What, after all, they asked themselves, was the primary motive or purpose which led them to establish a market? Was it merely to be able to boast that so many pounds of tobacco passed through their city instead of another? Was it merely to secure the profits accruing from buying and selling and speculating on tobacco? Or was it to provide a living for a few families, incident to the process of tobacco marketing? By the plain procedure of common sense they arrived at the conclusion that the real objective of the tobacco market was to establish better relations between the farm population and the city. They wanted more than the annual but short-lived contact with the farmer at market seasons. They wanted his permanent goodwill in business, in the building of better roads and better schools and in the promotion of the general public welfare of the county. All of these, they concluded, together with the benefits of having the tobacco pass through the city, could be accomplished by cooperating with the cooperators. They found that most of their real purposes were identical with those of the farmers. It was thus possible to bring about a wholehearted basis of cooperation. In Community "Z" the conflict was avoided. More correctly, the conflict was utilized as a means for achieving that long-sought end, a better understanding between city and country.

E. C. LINDEMAN.

Black Magic

To a boy looking at a photographic exhibit —"Mammals in the Wild State."

Go back to the office, boy, or back to school—
Black magic lurks in stumbling elk that go
New-antlered where the rocks are soft with snow,
In a beaver's nose that grooves a birch-ringed pool;

Mad antelope go streaming past you here;
Great grizzlies hunch their bulk up scaly pines;
Beneath those sheep the canyon water shines
Mile-down in shale, and perilously near!

Fly then from red-tails bunched by twilight streams,
And all lithe creatures of another earth,
Lest they should steal you back to second birth,
And in some country of astounding dreams,

Among their crags and underneath their sky
Make you like them—fierce, beautiful, and shy!

FRANK ERNEST HILL.

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The Prompt-Book

HOT APPLICATIONS

NOT long ago I heard a producer just returned from Paris say to one of our best actors that he had seen the Comédie Française and thought very poorly of it. "You," he said to the actor, "would think it impossible, absolutely."

But there he was wrong. So excellent an artist as this actor is would see at once the many virtues of the Théâtre Français. As a naturalistic actor he would find a great deal there to avoid, even if he could attain to it; as a sincere and intelligent artist he would condemn the artificiality where it becomes an empty and merely academic mannerism, and would be bored with the silly vacuity of some of the lesser actors and the golden flatulency of some of the foremost. But he would recognize at once the triumph so often exhibited over technical difficulties, over diction, gesture, style. He would know how much labor and skill went to the smooth front—whether you like it or not—that this august stage presents to the world of Paris; by the very expertness of his own craft he would detect this terrific proficiency and would applaud.

It is the smaller people, the hangers-on and the imitators and disciples who are apt to apply their theories so hotly. They know that this is good and that is bad; they will have none of whole hemispheres of art that has moved thousands of men and expressed the lives of thousands. Like the mobs in Shakespeare they come on only to acclaim or to damn. For art this heat of theirs has its uses. It blows the trumpets for the movements that arise; it forwards or dooms the new, and preserves, winds up or puts new life into the old. But the exclusive disciples themselves are losers.

Profound artists are apt to know the good wherever they see it. Their own gifts and technical eye enable them to judge a piece of art by itself; they can see the point even in an art that is at odds with their own, they can see the intention and the extent to which it has been successfully followed. And they know that there are as many ways in art as there are ways of living. They perceive eminence no matter how much they may despise the school or the theory behind it. The small fry are hot about things and are blind outside their own camp; their heat is a good part of their existence. But in significant art, however diverse, there is often a real communion of saints.

MR. KING'S ENGLISH

Our stage is so crowded just now with Englishmen and the illusion is so common that an English actor must necessarily speak right English, that our own actors should be warned somewhat. In general these English actors speak better than ours do, they could hardly speak worse. But an American actor, nevertheless, if he does not know already, had better ask someone to show him the way about in such a self-complacent variety of accents as surrounds him. He needs to learn that not all these visitors by any means afford a model.

Mr. Claude King's English, for example, I have heard spoken of with admiration. And Mr. King's English was indeed excellent for Confucius; it suited the sage-like crispness of the thoughts he uttered; it had a kind of precise remoteness from the natural that suited the wisdom of that ageless reasoner. And Mr. King's English is clear; it sounds, though rather obviously so, educated, intelligent, trained. But for the uses of most drama it is too cut, too thin, too clipped and muted; it is incapable of poetry; it lacks fluidity; it is too meticulous to be elegant; to be eloquent it is too dry and staccato. In witty speeches it appears to be making points. In tender speeches it sounds self-conscious. As a tone there is about it too much audible breath; as enunciation the muscles of the lips are too tense.

Philip in The Madras House and the husband in The Rubicon—Mr. Warburton Gamble—spoke that peculiar choking English that we sometimes hear, in which the throat is cramped and the breathing thrown against the bridge of the nose. The vowels were impure, the resonance lost, the facial lines oddly inflexible and stuck, the taut patter of words like a pale series of suppressed desires. Mr. Reginald Pole has a quiet, even English such as one hears sometimes among the upper classes who have not taken on the Oxford manner, which affects lifted, false vowels, an inflexible upper and a protruding and active lower lip, and rhythms rather uncommonly varied. Mr. Basil Sydney shows a good ear for the forms of words and for lucid vowel sounds.

And so they go, these English actors, many of them like Miss Alexandra Carlisle and Mr. Norman Trevor, speaking so justly and quietly that they are not conspicuous one way or another. But the majority, for all their airs, take on themselves plumage they ill deserve. Out of the host of English actors now with us, few speak well. Many of them have no sense of rhythm. Many when they get well under way appear to feel an almost hysterical pleasure in the sound of their own mouths, an odd effect, by the way, that I have heard often among the English though in no other race. Many when they speed up show a trace of their early cockney. And worse than all these are those English stage young men—almost a type to themselves—who with dull makeups, stale gestures and wooden bodies, evince a startling agility of accent, of sliding tones and too aspirate s's. These are the foppish, lisping, hissing basso-falsettos whose asinine effect, because it seems so appallingly indicative of their quality, is far worse than the lowest American vulgarity and twang.

Our stage has a wretched English and one that gets steadily worse; but unfortunately the British stage cannot be said—as could be said for the stages of Paris, Rome or Madrid in their tongues—to exhibit for our emulation a standard English, an authentic and proper diction that we could count on finding, whether we chose to follow it or not.

SOCIAL CLEAVAGE AND DRAMA

One of the prices we pay for democracy is the cost to our drama of our lack of social cleavage. Socially we have the rich, the poor, the intelligent, the uneducated, the working people, the leisured crowd. We have all kinds of individuals. But we have no place where one class leaves off and another begins. We have no clear lines to be counted on as determining and enclosing regions where certain human aspects and cultural attributes are to be found. Our colors blend, our edges blur, our tradition often dies as fast as it is born.

The effect of this so far on comedy is almost fatal.

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Comedy is a social art, as everybody knows. It takes all its values and all its point from the relation of its matter to the whole circle of society. Things become absurd in a human being because they are out of proportion to the general whole to which they are related. Delicate observation of individual foibles is made by the daylight of common social good sense. But where there is no certain ground with a certain class of men to be relied upon by the dramatist as a world to write for or write at, the security of his humor and philosophy is lost. In such a state of things humor finds its focus diffused and wit loses its target. Our comic writer, then, since he has no one kind of audience to write for, must write for all kinds. He hits the average. And American comedy is as yet never really distinguished but only a good-humored and often sharp-eyed liveliness and spirit, very much on the mental level of a boy of fourteen.

Take for instance To the Ladies. For my part I think that in this play there was a steady threat of something notable, especially in the banquet scene, which, as it was, ran to a significant plane now and then. But the play as a whole was depressing; I thought of it later with despair. If only there had been one person or one reflection out of all that evening to give me even a tiny hint that somebody knew what a shabby world was being portrayed, what a stupid lot of childish, money-measured and energy-measured ambition, what a flat and commonplace drabness, there was about those amiable and active and often very hard personages running through the scenes! In other words, what a different comedy To the Ladies would be if one could feel that the authors or actors or audience saw it from any vantage ground of culture or social idea or recognized social angle or even personal distinction. As it was, the play and the audience were too often like children amusing children, or the bravura of the servants' hall, good-natured activity, an equality of unreflection and hilarious adolescence.

Tragedy depends, of course, less than comedy does on a social arrangement. It is more universal, more elemental and less accidental. But our tragedy, nevertheless, finds its difficulties increased by the absence of those masses of prejudice, tradition, code, principle, recognized and passionate class feeling, from which the dramatist's characters may struggle or revolt and under which they may be broken as if by fate itself. We have almost none of that inherited magnificence of time, its bonds, its wounds, its violent fetters of family, custom and class. The only people that our dramatists have seemed able to set apart, have been able to count on as acknowledged social classes, are the fallen woman and the working man. But the limitations here are obvious. Anna Christie and The Hairy Ape, good as they are, would, even if they were better, through their very subjects remain too limited in their cultural comment and in their intellectual inclusiveness, too limited in their scope and possibilities, to cover much of life as we know it. Hamlet after all is closer in content to the average man than these plays are; and, if well played, even the Oedipus Rex would contain more of almost any man's soul, his idea and his dreams.

But since we have the democracy we must work out a drama that expresses us under its conditions. How simple this drama will be or stupid or uncultured, emotional, intellectual, vague, primitive, or noble, or swiftly and beautifully free, or drab, or spacious, or radiant, remains to be seen.

STARK YOUNG.

The Bandwagon

CALL IT A DAY

The Senate had the tariff bill before it for eight hours today, but disposed of only a single item, approving the committee rate of 25 per cent ad valorem on mustard and other curative plasters. The usual night session was abandoned so that the Senate pages might attend a circus performance.—*The New York Tribune.*

BROADCASTING PEARLS

This afternoon Mr. Coolidge went to the office of The Des Moines Register and Tribune and broadcast by radio a few paragraphs of his evening speech. He left for Washington late tonight.

"There must be an increasing support of our higher institutions of learning," Mr. Coolidge declared in his Coliseum speech. "They are not the apex of our system of education. They are its base. All the people look up to their influence and their inspiration. They must be under the guidance of men of piety and men of an open mind. They must continue their indispensable service to the cause of freedom by bringing all the people unto a knowledge of the truth."—*The New York Times.*

BELATED CONGRATULATIONS

Hard work has been my medicine, and my mother's words have been my guide. Would that she were alive today to witness the potency of her wisdom.—*Mayor Hylan's Autobiography in the New York Globe.*

GOOD NEWS

In spite of sneers, in spite of insinuations, the white race of the South is advancing to a condition of enlightenment and glory and leading by the hand the men and the children of the black race.—*Senator Robinson of Arkansas.*

REAL ESTATESMANSHIP

Senator Borah ought to know that most of that money was used in supporting Admiral Kolchak and General Denikine and Yudenitch, who fought the good fight to restore to Russia the civilization the Bolsheviki destroyed. If it is true that some of it was invested in real estate it must have been only when it was realized that the fight was hopeless and the money should be saved for a better opportunity.—*A letter to the New York Globe.*

HUNDRED PER SENTIMENT

We note that injunctions were issued at Pawtucket, R. I., last week against the following textile strikers: Albert Lafromboise of Scituate, Florie Van Leene of Scituate, Luigi Nardelia of Scituate, Louis Lavalle of Phenix, and Angelo Pascore of West Warwick.

We are indeed thankful that no such dago names are found upon the payrolls of our Southern mills.—*Southern Textile Bulletin.*

NEW WARS FOR OLD

Though no compact has been made by America to stand by France in case of invasion, we have left an army of 23,000 men in cemeteries there, from Brest to St. Dié. It is inconceivable that the people of the United States would ever permit the garrisons of these white-cross fortresses to remain unsupported in case of attack, or allow an invader to pass unchallenged over the sacred fields in which our soldier dead lie.—*The New York Times.*

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The Crow's Nest

THERE is hardly a race of men anywhere that means to be rude. Every group prides itself on its courtesy, no matter how barbarous. Yet every group is more or less rude, even among the most civilized. In short, we all are courteous in intention but stupid in practice.

Dropping Things on His Head

A situation came up that bore on this, on my second trip with the N. R. Expedition to the North Bolo Estuary. We were making studies of folkways, and we noticed that the natives had never developed a decent technique about paying visits. Their customs prescribed that the most casual visitor had a right to his host's whole attention. The host might be in the middle of making guava mash, which would spoil if he stopped; or he might be having an important family conference or a dentist appointment; but whatever it was, he had to drop it when a visitor entered. If he didn't, he was regarded as strangely disobliging and queer.

This was most one-sided. A Bolo host had to be so courteous, it almost drove him crazy, while a Bolo visitor didn't have to show any politeness at all. The visitor meant at heart to be decent, but his behavior was barbarous. His ego simply didn't give a thought to the other man's ego. It behaved as though itself were the only one that should be considered.

Even so, they seldom had any trouble there, until recent years, because the natives seldom were able to pay calls on each other. In that Estuary, armies of wild pig go swooping around late at night knocking down not only fences but huts. This has driven most of the natives to build their homes up in trees. Consequently when a caller came, he had to climb the tree to get in; and as they are all rotten at climbing, this took a long time. The family could hear him slipping, cursing, puffing, all the way up. If they didn't wish to see him they could indicate it—give him a hint—by letting a gourd of nice, clean, cool water fall on his head. If they didn't have any clean water, or if he were pertinacious, they could drop something else. The cruder the circle, the coarser their simple devices.

These acts were not regarded as rude, nor were they intended as such; any more than when Lady Blank tells her butler to say that she's not at home. The North Bolans hadn't any butlers, but they meant to be courteous. And, really, they were. When they did let a visitor up, as I say, they stopped everything for him.

But then a local inventor named Bel, who had noticed there were trailing vines on the mainland, got seeds and introduced them on the Estuary, and worked them into rope ladders. Before long, every native had one of these attached to his tree. Instead of its taking him twenty minutes to struggle up into his home, it now took twenty seconds. All households became more accessible.

This was good in one way. Fewer persons fell, or spilled the marketing. It made life much easier. But naturally it also made it easy for callers to enter. And all their rules of hospitality were based upon its being hard!

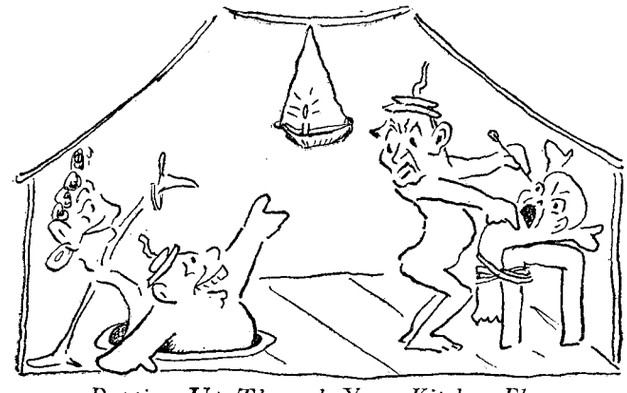
Imagine this new sudden strain. It was all very well to drop everything for callers, when callers were few, and when you had a chance to dissuade them from coming in if you wished. But they now came far oftener, and there was far less chance of keeping them out. You might be tattooing the baby and not wish to stop; but the first thing you knew, a family of callers had noiselessly swarmed up your ladder and popped up their heads through your kitchen floor, expecting a greeting. They never paid the slightest attention to the baby, or to your maybe not wanting them, because that wasn't etiquette. They expected you as a host to be ready to entertain at all moments.

The situation grew so bad it was more than human nature could stand. Visitors who got in too suddenly had to be asked to get out. It offended them horribly however, and even broke up old friendships. The whole Estuary was upset, when I left, and was cursing Bel the inventor.

So there we have a people who had evolved a certain system of courtesies and who, as long as things went on unchanged, behaved fairly politely. But the minute a new invention tested them, they became rude. They will probably be clubbing each other about it before they get settled.

It will come out all right. After a lot of friction and crossnesses, they'll invent some technique, just as we have. Before we evolved, our own primitive visitors were probably egotists too, with none of the considerateness or niceties that modern visitors practice. A code had to be built up bit by bit, with disputes and heart-burnings. Front-doors had to be invented, for instance, and the custom of knocking; and people had to learn to keep out when requested, without feeling outraged.

But now we are being tested all over again, by the telephone. It is having the same effect on us that the rope ladder is having in Bolo. It has made us all so much more



Popping Up Through Your Kitchen Floor

accessible, we don't know how to manage. A voice is liable to pop in on us any moment, without asking permismission—and every caller who drops in by telephone forgets all his manners. No decent telephone manners have been invented yet, to put it more fairly. Consequently those who once were courteous are behaving like boors.

It's a strange situation. The telephone itself, I don't

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need to say, is of the greatest convenience—it is a useful little link with the world—but we use it too crudely. It's as though we each had knocked open a hole in the wall of his home, through which anyone, however unwelcome, could come in any moment. A bell begins ringing insistently, you get up like an office boy, you obediently run to answer its summons—and what do you hear? Voices shout at you, "Who is this?" "Give me Jones!" "What's your number?" "Get off the wire!" And all this indignantly, as though *you* were the aggressor!

He Won't Release Me

But this is not what's surprising. Impolite persons, of course, are impolite when they telephone. The disappointing thing is that polite persons also are rude.

I am fresh from the wilds myself, and I cannot see how people stand it. When a visitor comes in person, he is careful to give me a chance: he lets me finish shaving, or he allows me to say I can't see him; and even if I let him in without wanting to, at least I feel free; I can move about, anyhow; I can get up or sit down, walk across the room, put my hands in my pockets. But when a man telephones me, he hooks me as tight as a fish on a line—he obliges me to take a fixed position, and hold a thing to my mouth, and another to my ear, and keep on holding them until he gets through; and although I don't object to doing this when I want to, I hate being made. I hate his never *asking* me whether I want to or not. He springs into my room—at least his voice does—without any announcement except for an anonymous bell-ringing that might mean something urgent; and the minute I answer the bell, dammit, there I am, hooked; and there he is in my apartment, suddenly saying his say. He can't see what I was in the middle of doing, or how I am, or if I have visitors; yet he never allows for this. He tactlessly assumes it's all right.

Why can't he begin by saying: "May my voice come in? Is this a good moment? If not, let me disappear and call again some other time." For all he knows, I may be half-dressed and cold, or talking to some other friend. Whatever I was doing he has stopped me short. But this never occurs to him. Of course I can tell him so, but I have to interrupt him to do it—he has called me up to talk and he's talking, or he's busily asking me questions; and he's always immensely taken aback and surprised if I stop him.

Sometimes I try to explain to him that it's not a good moment; I request him as pleasantly as I can to take his voice out of my ear. Does he do it? Not he! He agrees that he must, but he doesn't—he won't free me at once. He hangs right on to my ear to explain how sorry he is he disturbed me, and how he meant to call me earlier but couldn't, and he details all the circumstances; and as he goes on he becomes a little offended at not being wanted, so I have to smooth him down a bit and ask about his family or something—in short no matter how much trouble he is giving me, he prolongs it, and doubles it. If he had bounded in person into my study while I was engaged, he would have said, "Oh excuse me!" and cleared out at once—but not on the telephone. On the telephone, *I* have to say "Excuse me," while he lingers on, requiring me to shove him out gently and not hurt his feelings. Why the devil should I have to nurse *his* feelings? He has quite ignored mine. I'm the one who should be smoothed down if anybody—I've been interrupted. I don't resent his doing it—it was all right his taking a chance—but I wish he'd let go my ear promptly, and without getting sore at me.

The humiliating thing is that I behave the same way myself. When I sit alone and at ease in the evening, and call somebody up, and hear her voice, it's like having her with me in my own quiet room. I forget that *her* room may be crowded, and that my voice is there.

The telephone is too raw an instrument. It ought to have buffers. Yet we can't all have secretaries or footmen to answer it for us. I should like to be able to call up an appointment office instead of my friend, and instruct them to ask my friend for me when and if I might talk. That would be a little more considerate. But as it is, I've no choice. I have to hook her by the ear and interrupt her, before even asking permission.

There would be some hope of our learning to adjust ourselves if inventions came slower; but they come so fast nowadays we have no time to build new techniques. Here's radio: a very creditable contrivance, I'm sure; very wonderful; but it's going to ruin all privacy if we handle it badly. Radio won't need a bell; voices will bark in your ear day or night, without any announcement at all. Wherever you go, a crowd of voices will follow. . . . No, there's no chance for courtesy.

Hooked By the Ear

I am going to take passage back to Bolo-land, and live up a tree.

CLARENCE DAY, JR.

High Tide

High on my hill, I watch the tide come in,
Laying its blue tiles in a broken tomb
Over the skeletons of sand, over the bones
Of rocks and wharves, wreathing the long graves
With griefless hands and strangely happy voices.

From where I look, I can see going under
All ugliness, all death, all that is lost
Or drift. Whichever way I turn from here,
I can see life and beauty rising, finding,
Taking hold and making safe. The dream comes true!
And all the little promises of pools
Are kept!

Inward the tide is surely coming;
Lifting the draggled weeds beneath the shells,
Lifting the shells beneath the anchored boats,
Lifting the boats—inward even to hills,
Upward even to me, lifting my hands
Along the sky, setting my hair afloat,
Until my heart swings free, my tears spill over,
And I can bear no more—The tide is high.

WINIFRED WELLES.

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Books and Things

TWO weeks ago, when I was helping myself so freely to bits from Mr. Tomlinson's capital article on Mr. Montague, I saved a generalization of his for another day. Here it is: "It might be as well to suggest that the more critically meticulous we are when grading writers in an order of merit which aims at accuracy, then the more futile the job—which began in futility—becomes, and the more ridiculous our tense solemnity appears." We all know the kind of appraisal that Mr. Tomlinson has in mind. We all remember Swinburne's famous remark—which I quote from memory—that somebody's position as a writer "is precisely as much above Otway and Collins and George Eliot as it is below Shakespeare and Hugo and Emily Brontë." The fact is irrelevant that Swinburne didn't actually say this, that it was put into his mouth by an ingenious parodist, Mr. Augustine Birrell.

Nowadays it is more in fashion than it once was to lay down this law that writers must not be arranged in order of merit, but the law remains something that nobody complies with when to violate it is more convenient. For several reasons I am glad that this law is for many critics so dead a letter. It interests me to learn that to Mr. Tomlinson Mr. Montague's Disenchantment "is the finest essay that has come out of" the years of the war, and that he thinks Mr. Montague "the finest ironist we have." A pedantic observance of his own rule would have kept Mr. Tomlinson from even this degree of "grading writers in an order of merit," would either have driven him to say these things with less frankness and some constraint, or else have tempted him to leave them quite unsaid.

About another instance of grading, also from Mr. Tomlinson, I'm not so sure. On page 37 of his new book, Waiting for Daylight (Knopf), he speaks of "the essay, a form in which perhaps only six writers have been successful in the history of English letters"; mentions the gifts without which, I infer, no essayist is eligible to Grade A; and ends by exclaiming: "It is no wonder we have but six essayists!" To you, who guess his six and who would have picked the same winners, Mr. Tomlinson's grading gives a pleasant sense of being in the know. Upon me, who can't guess the names he has in mind, who have no impulse to grade the English essayists, and whose top class would be larger if I had to make one, the effect is not unlike what it would have been if he had talked about "the lyric, a form in which perhaps only seventy-five writers have been successful in the history of English letters."

According to the rules of the grading game, as I should like to have them, Mr. Tomlinson wouldn't be allowed to say either this or what he did say unless he told us the names of his successes. For it is by his rankings that a critic usually tells us most about himself, and most briefly. Illustrations will occur at once to everybody. Taine ended his chapter on Tennyson with the words: "J'aime mieux Alfred de Musset." Matthew Arnold thought Wordsworth and Byron the greatest English poets of the nineteenth century. Swinburne thought Shelley and Coleridge the greatest English poets of the nineteenth century. William James thought War and Peace "surely the greatest of human novels." Mr. Chesterton—it is a nuisance to be so far from books that one can't be certain of the accuracy of any assertion—thinks Dickens the greatest English novelist. Mr. Montague thinks Goldsmith greater than any of the Victorians. Mr. Arnold Bennett finds "the finest modern English prose" in The Revolution in Tanner's Lane. Mr. Clive Bell speaks of "our three best living novelists—Hardy, Conrad, and Virginia Woolf." Mr. J. C. Squire ranks Mr. Walter de la Mare with Coleridge. Each of these opinions, even the single absurd one, Mr. Bennett's, tells us concisely something worth knowing about its owner.

We should be spared the trouble of reading a good many books of criticism, we should look into a few that we now leave unread, if the publisher would print on the jacket his author's rank-list of English poets, novelists, dramatists, biographers or essayists. The point up to which a man is willing to rank his forefathers or his contemporaries tells us as much about him as the order in which his preferences are arranged. At some point the most inveterate ranker and grader will stop, because he realizes that beyond that point he doesn't know what his preferences are. And although the biggest ass is usually the man whose rank-list is longest, it is equally true that the man who never feels any poet to be greater than another is always, if he really exists, a duffer. When I write an article designed to persuade my readers that Parnell is a greater poet than Mr. Alfred Noyes, or the other way round, I am wasting my time; but I am an outsider if I'm not certain that Campion is a greater poet than Miss Amy Lowell. If you prefer Tom Jones to Candide, or Candide to Tom Jones, I shall follow your discourse with polite incuriosity, for neither book happens to rouse in me any emotion of preference to the other; but in case you prefer Mr. Hutchinson's If Winter Comes to Mrs. Woolf's The Voyage Out, I shall naturally pay no attention, for the rest of your life or mine, to anything you may say about novels.

The emotion which a book or a writer gives us when we say to ourselves in words "the greatest" or "greater than" is to me a mysterious thing. Although I still have it, to the best of my recollection, as often and as acutely nowadays as in youth, it does not grow less mysterious. An aesthetic emotion which seeks to express itself quantitatively—what could be more absurd? One often has it, this "I-am-in-the-presence-of-the-greatest" feeling, when reading Shakespeare, and it seems to be a specific feeling, rather easily distinguishable from any other, and quite inexplicable by the reasons which one afterwards tries to give oneself for having experienced it. One has the same feeling, not so strongly, when reading Milton, and to say that Shakespeare is a greater poet than Milton is to give an inadequate account of one's perception that the strength of the feeling is less. I'm by no means certain, in my own case, that while actually reading Milton I am at all conscious of this strength-difference, although a perception of it is my only first-hand warrant for saying that Milton is not so great a poet as Shakespeare. But can a feeling of "greater than" be named accurately if the words cease to have a meaning as soon as we undertake to say how much greater? Is Shakespeare twice as great? Can he give Milton half a stroke a hole? Does he drop a set now and then when he gives Milton fifteen? Unwarned by such questions, which ought to put me on my guard, I fear I shall relapse into saying that A is greater than B. Everybody says it. Anthologists say more. Didn't Palgrave, who admitted only seventy-five poets into his first Golden Treasury, almost call the lyric "a form in which perhaps only seventy-five of the writers no longer living have been successful in the history of English letters"?

P. L.

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Munsterberg's Place in American Psychology

Hugo Munsterberg: His Life and Work, by Margaret Munsterberg. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $3.70.

WILLIAM JAMES was fifty years old when he invited Munsterberg, then twenty-nine (1892), to accept a three-year trial lectureship at Harvard—"the best University in America." The Harvard psychological laboratory at that time had been established seven years. It had always been more or less of a chore for James to direct it, but psychology in this country was then under the dominance of German ideals, and hence Harvard must needs have a laboratory of the German type. Wundt's laboratory at Leipzig was the model at the time and many Americans, including Stanley Hall, Ladd and Cattell had studied there. Indeed in the 80's and early 90's it was a veritable Mecca for the introspective type of psychologists, just as Freud's consultation room in Vienna is today the Mecca for the introverted type of physician.

What James thought of Munsterberg when he asked him to come to Harvard appears in the following extract from a letter. This letter is not only valuable in showing what James wanted Munsterberg to do but is also equally valuable in registering his disappointment with the fundamental psychological conceptions current in 1891. "Whose theories in psychology have any definite value today? No one's! Their only use is to sharpen further reflection and observation. The man who throws out most new ideas and immediately seeks to subject them to experimental control is the most useful psychologist in the present state of the science. *No one* has done this as yet as well as you. If you are only *flexible* towards your theories, and as ingenious in testing them hereafter as you have been hitherto, I will back you to beat the whole army of your critics before you are forty years old. . . ." Munsterberg was thus chosen to lead experimental psychology in America. The hope was there, but not overtly expressed, that the Harvard laboratory under his domination would rival the shrine at Leipzig.

From the moment of his connection with Harvard in 1892, which was maintained with the exception of a two-year interlude until his death in 1916, Munsterberg had the best equipped laboratory and the most competent assistants to be found in America, or probably even in Germany.

Notwithstanding the excellence of the material equipment, his own enthusiasm and ability, Munsterberg failed to achieve that leadership in experimentation which his senior colleagues expected of him. His laboratory work and technique somehow did not take root in American soil. His unquestioned genius was to find other outlets than that afforded by the detailed work of the laboratory.

In attempting to find a reason for his failure to realize the hopes held for him on the experimental side, one must get the background of his early years at Harvard.

Munsterberg, immediately upon entering Harvard, was taken intimately into a group of the most eminent philosophers ever gathered together under one roof—James, Royce, Palmer, Santayana. These men were in the heydey of their glory. Their public was assured, and their personalities were beloved. To achieve a like position in the narrow field of experimentation would require ten years of plodding in obscurity. Munsterberg did not have the temperament for waiting. To shine quickly in the brilliant circle which surrounded him called for the release of other than the laboratory side of his many-sided nature.

Munsterberg was at heart a philosopher, poet and aesthete, and not an experimentalist. Being such and thrown with brilliant philosophical colleagues, it was only natural that he was tempted to try his hand still further along philosophical lines. Even some of his earliest psychological writings, for example the Activity of the Will (Willenshandlung) and Aims and Methods of Psychology (Aufgabe und Methoden der Psychologie) were distinctly philosophical in character. An even more pronounced philosophical trend appears in another early volume, The Origin of Morality (Ursprung der Sittlichkeit). The culmination of his philosophical achievements was reached in The Eternal Values (1909).

As a philosopher Munsterberg's technical following was small. American philosophy at the beginning of the twentieth century definitely headed toward functionalism and pragmatism under Dewey's brilliant leadership and drew further and further away from the stereotyped forms of German idealism.

Munsterberg found his forte in awakening the American people to the importance of psychology. The success he had in reaching and in holding this public had never before been equalled by an American academician.

His numerous magazine articles and his later books, especially On the Witness Stand, Psychotherapy, The Photoplay, Psychology and the Teacher, and Psychology and Industrial Efficiency immediately fired public imagination. And by public we mean physicians, lawyers, diplomats, industrial leaders, clergymen, as well as the man on the street. His wonderful ability to lecture without notes, his graceful and well-turned phrases, his wide acquaintance and varied knowledge, quickly made him one of the most sought after men of his time.

It would be unfair to Munsterberg's memory to leave the impression that his works on the theory of psychology were not mature. One cannot read his Psychology, General and Applied, and the Gründzüge der Psychologie, without feeling that his system of psychology was written for scholars and not for the public. Had he passed his days in Germany his accomplishments would have been as solid as those of his master William Wundt, and more varied.

Another urge that drove him from the laboratory was the self-imposed task of making Germany see the better side of our own pragmatic civilization and making Americans pause long enough to appreciate the Teutonic system of values. Whatever his enemies may have said about him in the trying days preceding our entry into the war, his friends knew that he had two countries, both dear to him. His untimely death proved that he was a martyr to both—for the sadder emotions do slay if the joyous ones do not.

Margaret Munsterberg's book shows an intimate knowledge of her father's daily life, a sympathetic understanding of his nature, and a wide reading of his works. Munsterberg's contemporaries, however, will not allow to pass unchallenged her estimate of her father's scientific attainments and position in American psychology.

JOHN B. WATSON.

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Religious Fiction

Mary Lee, by Geoffrey Dennis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

FOR once a novel justifies the practice of entitling it by the name of a character. There is nothing in this book but Mary Lee. Even the external experience through which she passes, the circumstances among which she moves, serve only to nourish her inner life. And this experience, for the eighteen years which occupy two thirds of her record, was extraordinarily restricted. She sums it up:

> Nothing of art, fiction, poetry, romance; never a word of Shakespeare, Scott, Milton; nothing of contemporary books or events or persons; not even the names of Palmerston, Bright, Disraeli, Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson. I did just know that the Duke of Wellington was dead, that a war somehow concerned with negro slaves was raging across the Atlantic, and that a new Napoleon reigned in France. I had never been to any form of lecture, concert, or entertainment, nor into any household of healthy young people. Fireside games, the ordinary interests of girlhood, the hundred happinesses of family life were all unknown. I had never seen a newspaper, touched a pack of cards, nor smelt tobacco.

Mary Lee is a religious novel, in the sense in which Coningsby is a political novel, or Charles Auchester a musical novel. The background which the characters weave is religion, every act or thought has its alleged relation to the will of God. There have been other religious novels —Hypatia, Loss and Gain, Robert Elsmere, The Way of All Flesh—but this is an almost exclusive narrative of personal religion. Instead of the historical Christianity of Alexandria, or the conflict of creeds of the Oxford Movement, or the intellectual tragedy of a faith found wanting, or the moral tragedy of ethics based on a false reading of human nature, we have here one preoccupation, the relation of the soul to God. Mary Lee was born among the Plymouth Brethren of the middle nineteenth century, the sect which carried out the Evangelical creed with a ferocious literalness which had been unknown in England since the days of Cromwell's Ironsides. And she lived for eighteen years in mental darkness and amid physical cruelties to which there is no comparison except in the voodooism of the Congo. It was the dream of Mary's grandmother and great-aunt that she would become a chosen vessel to bear the message of God to the heathen. In her great aunt Jael's room there was an idol, a trophy brought back by some missionary; and it is the irony of Mary's story, whether intended or not, that the God of the Plymouth Brethren, to whom she bows down, whose anger she seeks to avert, and whose control she tries to escape by the magic of signs and numbers is precisely symbolized by this Benamuckee, the object of a worship so like her own.

On the other hand the concentration of Mary's thought upon God as the supreme element in her world brought its reward in a sense of an indwelling presence which gave extraordinary certainty and reality to her inner life.

> At moments when my mood could summon no happiness from the past nor hope from the future, I had always a last refuge-place in the ineffable Love of God, as I had felt it once and for all in one miraculous instant. I knew it was more real than the world around me or than the fears of my own mind; as the supernatural was more real than the natural, the thing intuitively felt than the fact ascertained, magic than reason. I could seek refuge from trouble in a state of magical divine consciousness, in which, at perfect moments, I lost all sense of time and space and self, all physical sensation, all power to think—everything but Love. I was a soul only, the soul of all the world. I ceased to be anything. I was everything. I was God and God was I.

But the very intensity of this rapture left her more consciously starved for a human love, and her effort to satisfy this longing is one of the deeply touching stories of childhood. Her imagination, trained in the realization of God, accomplished for years the same miracle in respect to the boy who came to her in the saddest days of her childhood and who in his pity and love wound a strain of ethereal beauty into the grim substance of her life. The profane love is no less spiritual than the sacred.

The general pattern of the book, the figure of childhood exposed to cruelty and crime all the more grotesque and exaggerated because wearing the mask of religion, reminds one of Dickens's early novels. The romantic egoism of the chief character reminds one of Charlotte Bronte's personal heroines. But the frank self-revelation of Mary Lee has the quality of modern autobiography, and the exactness with which mental states are exposed corroborates interestingly, if it does not owe something to, the studies of modern psychology. There will be many readers whose memories of religious training will give them a basis for estimating the realism of Mary Lee's record. The book appears at the moment when detachment from such prepossessions is first possible; it has a genuine historical value. The author has shown courage in daring to create, through a vulgar and limited world, amid the shadows of a ghastly faith, and with his chief artistic device, a painful self-consciousness, a record so concentrated in interest, so significant in revelation, so mysterious and haunting in its appeal.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

A Peasant Novel

Joanna Godden, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $2.00.

IN Joanna Godden, Sheila Kaye-Smith has created from the soil of the Sussex downs figures of somewhat the same fundamental quality as Thomas Hardy evolved from the less fertile soil of Wessex. There is in Miss Smith's novel, however, far less of the merging of soil and character, far less of that subtly harmonious identification of endeavor and destiny with the primeval clay, which conditions the lives of those upon whose simple yet authentic spiritual struggles the foundations of the greatest peasant literature in all nations has been laid. The characters in Joanna Godden stand out too clearly from the background of their environment, etched out from it in high relief, for the purposes of an interesting exposition. Joanna herself overrides the difficulties attendant upon a narrowing agrarian existence with an aloof adroitness that lifts her too far above the fields of her little Sussex farm, and her struggles, those of a fiercely and dangerously repressed woman, are common to city and country alike. But although it lacks the somber, full-toned ring of Hardy's masterpieces, Joanna Godden is nevertheless a convincing and human portrayal of the tragedy that lurks in the shadow of so many desperately hurrying natures. Miss Smith has a firm grip on her material; she surveys life calmly, dispassionately, and the book has the breadth and depth of that calm.

E. W. L.

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The Metaphysical Lyric

Metaphysical Lyrics and Poems of the Seventeenth Century: Donne to Butler. Selected and edited with an Essay by Herbert J. C. Grierson. Oxford: The Oxford University Press. $3.00.

A CONFUSION in the aesthetic of romantic generation has for the last century offered justification and defence to the sentimental lyric, a form eccentric to the major tradition of European and Asiatic poetry, and congenitally sterile. It is a confusion of intellectual passion with personal emotion, and of truth and sincerity, which have little to do with lyric poetry, with decoration and design, which have a great deal to do with it. The lyric, it is said "comes from and appeals to the *emotion*." (Italics are the late Mr. Gummere's.) Mr. J. C. Grierson, whose study of John Donne should have fitted him admirably for this task, presents an anthology of lyric poetry in a phase which is not confused by the vicious hypothesis that poetry should be the spontaneous overflow of a strong emotion. The poetry of these metaphysicals is the elaboration of a theme, the decoration of a gesture. The original impulse may be, with them, the statement of an emotional response. In elaboration, however, the original impulse becomes refined through an appreciation of its intellectual, metaphysical or decorative implications. The charm of the lyric depends slightly on the strength of the original emotion, largely on the ability of the artist to elaborate his material. Thus the vitality of the metaphysical lyric is unlimited. The vitality of the sentimental lyric, dependent on truth and sincerity, is confined to the small number of emotions a sincere poet can experience, and has been debilitated by the romantic poets.

Writers of contemporary lyrics—Amy Lowell, Robinson, Eliot—respond to this debility with an increased metaphysical quality. Mr. Grierson's anthology is, therefore, timely. Few poems by even the best metaphysicals—Donne, Crashaw, Marvell—are generally read. Others, if edited at all, appear in expensive and, sometimes, private editions. Thus a collection of these poems is of value not only to the academician but also to the modern. Both will find that political and social structures, changing in the seventeenth century as they are changing now, have produced a poetry pitched in our own key. Mr. Robinson's Ben Trovato, Mr. Eliot's Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock contain, like Donne's The Bracelet, a "passionate and paradoxical argument touched with humor and learned imagery," a tendency toward grotesque, tortured rhythms of self-conscious free verse, and neutral diction suitable alike to prose and poetry.

Mr. Grierson is possessed of wide learning and fastidious taste. Had he added to these any particular interest in the poets mentioned above he could have produced an anthology which might have great influence. The introductory essay is written with subtlety and authority, best evidenced in his comment on Marvell, and by his use of material recently discovered. The list of poets included in this anthology is representative, the arrangement is adequate, although the first of the three sections, Love Poems, Divine Poems, Miscellanies might have been combined with the last. Such an arrangement would make more clear the dichotomy, important in the seventeenth century, between worldly and churchly interests. From the best of English religious lyrics Mr. Grierson has made a notably happy choice. The good taste, however, that caused the omission of such love poems as The Canonization, Woman's Constancy and The Flea, is vicious, for it is upon the justification of such poems that a justification of the entire mode depends. This, by the premises stated above, is not difficult. Wordsworth's derivation of his universe from a blossom is obviously inaccurate and sentimental. Donne's cosmic flea is aesthetically more amusing and, if one must have truth, by metaphysical implication more accurate.

R. D. JAMESON.

History in Fool's Cap

The Development of the European Nations, 1870-1921, by J. Holland Rose. Sixth Edition, With an Appendix by William L. McPherson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50.

PUBLISHERS will have their little fun. In this instance they have taken a work of an English historian, published in 1905, and have added some bits written ten years later, and then tacked on an appendix by an American journalist. The tout ensemble they now offer as an up-to-date explanation of the world in which we live. It is startlingly humorous.

If you wish to refresh your memory about international relations and national prejudices as English Tories envisaged them before the Great War, you will enjoy the first twenty chapters of this book. You will learn therein of the courage and honesty of the House of Hohenzollern and of the eagle foresight and the skill in the choice of means that made up the splendid personality of Bismarck. You will learn, likewise, that France has outgrown the stage of hobbledehoyish ventures, military or communistic, and has perceived the advantage of accepting England's leadership in politics and imperialism. You will be apprehensive of the growth of the German navy, but you will be most deeply pained and shocked by the sinister meanness and unholy ambition of Russia and the Tsar. Incidentally you will be led to love the innocent Bulgarians for thwarting Russia and to hate guilty Belgians for inflicting outrages on the black men of the Congo. The Sultan Abdul Hamid and Sir Roger Casement are both presented in heroic frame, and David Lloyd George is not even mentioned. Everything is pretty serene on the horizon: competitive armaments are a nuisance, but no Great War impends and domestic revolutions belong to the past. Assuredly there is no prospect of a change in Russia.

Then the Great War of 1914! Dr. Rose was so surprised and upset that he at once wrote three new chapters, characterized by the most approved war-psychology, and his present publishers have gaily inserted them without altering the earlier twenty. Here you learn of Hohenzollern baseness and of the contrasting loftiness of Russia and the Tsar. The Belgians become virtuous and the Bulgarians vicious. And "no crime against Christendom has equalled that whereby the champions of *Kultur* sought to stir up the fanatical passions of the Moslem world against Europe."

To all of which Mr. McPherson has now appended a nice little sketch of the war and the peace treaties, a sketch which does him credit as a good Republican and a staunch opponent of President Wilson and the League of Nations.

On the title page of this curious compilation the publishers have outdone themselves in clever joking. They have printed in neat type Virgil's immortal line,

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.

How very *unhappy* Dr. Rose must be.

CARLTON J. H. HAYES.

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Books of the Month

The Groundwork of Civilization
by *Alexander A. Goldenweiser.* (Knopf; $5.00)

The Foundations of American Nationality
by *Evarts Boutell Greene.* (American Book Co.; $2.60)

A Prologue to American History
by *S. E. Morison.*
(Oxford University Press: American Branch; 50c.)

The Western Question in Turkey and Greece
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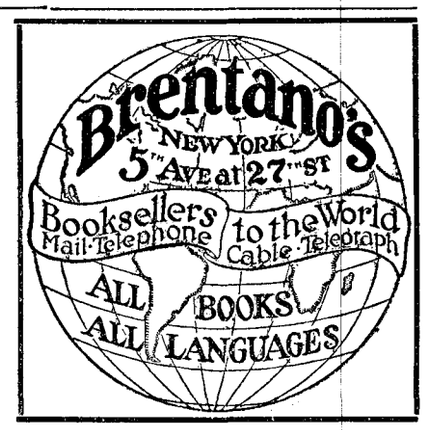

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